

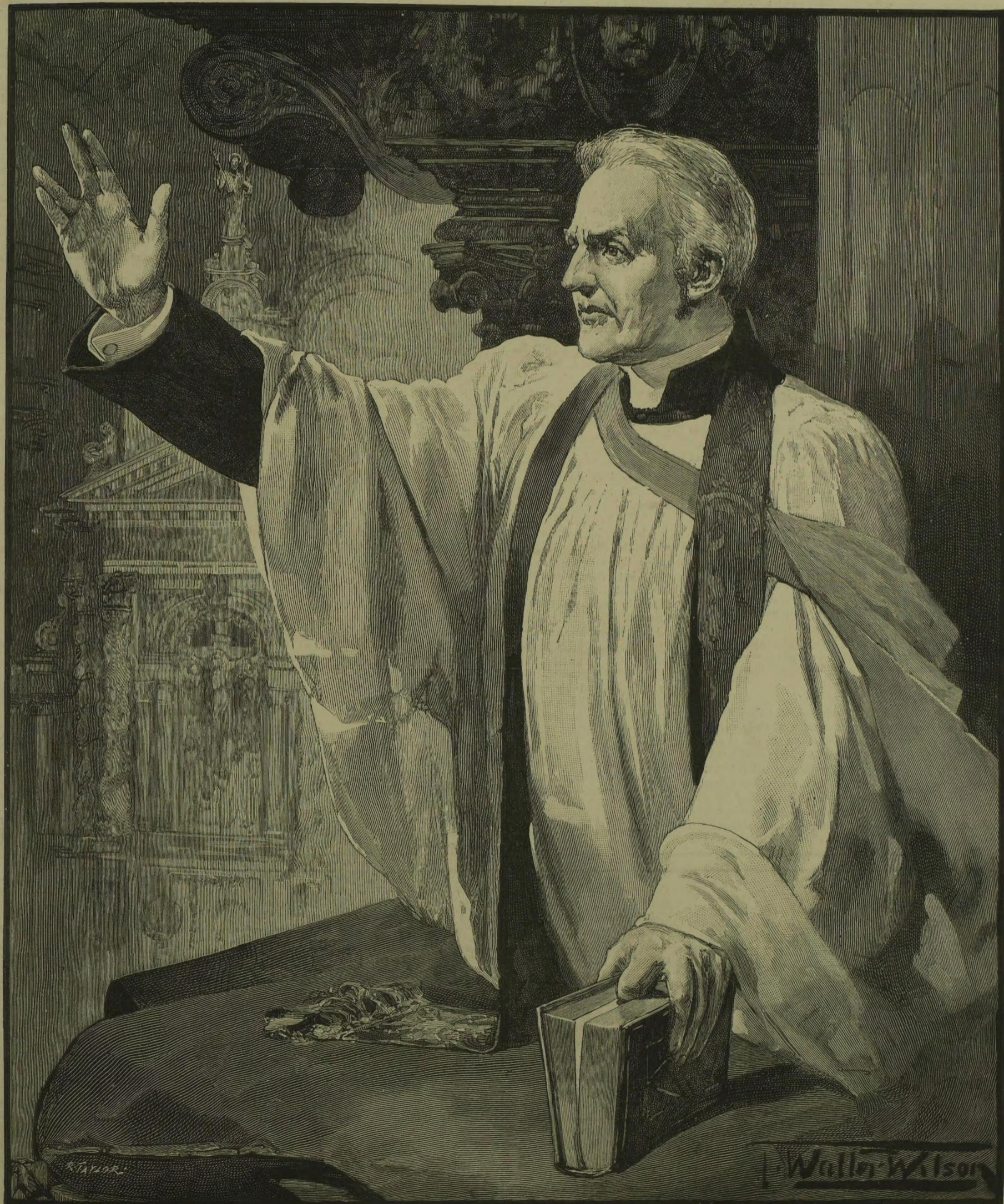
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO WHOLE SHEETS SIXPENCE.
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THE LATE CANON LIDDON PREACHING IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There are some people who are blessed with the faculty of enjoying things up to the last moment—even of life itself. They do not worry themselves with regrets—if at all—till after the pleasure is over. When they were boys they got all the joy that was to be got out of the very last day of their holidays; “Black Monday” never cast its shadow on the day that preceded it; as men, they are called “Happy-go-Lucky,” and they are happy, whether they are lucky or not. There are no dispositions so enviable. They are not frightened of the future, whether it be here or elsewhere, for they live in the present only. You cannot say of them that they never are “but always to be blessed.” They pluck their roses while they may. Upon the whole, they are more numerous than their opposites. These are generally “speculators for the fall,” or, at all events, dwell on the fall. Long before their pleasures come to an end they foresee the end, and it curtails their pleasures. It is very foolish of them, but they cannot help it. The contrast between the two classes is very marked, though only in a small matter, at this season. Their holiday is over, except for a few hours; and how differently do they spend them! If they are going by the afternoon train, the one says, “Well, we have the morning”: they take their last ride on the sands, their last sail on the sea, with the same enjoyment with which they took their first, on the day after their arrival. “We are going away,” they reply to kind inquiries, “but not till three o’clock.” The other class only take their last look at the blue of heaven or of ocean to contrast it with the smoky London skies to which they are bound. For eleven months, they say to themselves, they will not see the sun again, and the sight of it now makes them miserable from that reflection. This unfortunate attitude arises, perhaps, from the mistaken idea that by meeting sorrow half-way we decrease its bitterness. The heads of this profession (so to speak) are those morbid individuals who are measured for their coffins while they are in health, and keep them in their back parlours—a proceeding which may make Death more familiar, but not one whit more welcome.

It is curious how eager people who never stir a finger to help their fellow-creatures are to find fault with philanthropic effort. One would think that they would be well content that others should perform their duties for them; but that is not so. What they do not dare absolutely to denounce they depreciate. A striking example of this has occurred with respect to the Society for the Protection of Children. A more useful and, alas! a more needed institution does not exist. To it hundreds of little children owe every year their escape from torture and want and misery. It visits the “dark places” that the Scripture describes as “full of cruelty,” and lets in the light on them: it rescues the oppressed, and punishes their brutal tyrant. Sometimes it has a difficulty in saving the little slave arising from his own act: years of cruel treatment and fear have bred duplicity in him, and his statements are untrustworthy. It might be expected that everyone would make allowance for an occasional error where there is so much of good intent: on the contrary, a dozen harsh voices are at once found to exclaim, “A got-up case!” they would persuade us that they are thus moved to croak for the public good. It was alleged the other day that some wretched child had been coached to tell his story by some official of the society: this has been disproved to the hilt, but, while the charge hung over it, the exultation of these pessimists knew no bounds. It would really seem as if they wished to stifle “the cry of the children”: the more charitable explanation of such conduct, however, is that, conscious of their own selfishness, they wish to persuade themselves that no one is really moved by the miseries of their fellow-creatures, but only affects to be so.

In the account of the Thébaud-Rochefort duel we read that “while the combatants were throwing off their coats and waistcoats the surgeons were syringing the swords to render them antiseptic.” Would it not have been less trouble to have blunted the swords, or to have worn antiseptic shirts? These duelling gentlemen either wanted to hurt each other as much as possible—indeed, even to kill one another—or they did not. The precaution therefore seems superfluous, though intensely humorous. If duellists really meant business, combined with fairness, they would use squirts with vitriol in them instead of the pistol or the small-sword. Then there would be an equality of skill, and also some heroism in being a second. “Affairs of honour” are indeed ridiculous from every reasonable point of view, and have long ceased to serve any purpose save that of advertisement; but it must be confessed that, as regards “the antiseptic treatment,” war itself is just as illogical. It used to be said that Greek fire was prohibited, and there is still a prejudice against poisoning wells, yet we shell a town with women and children in it. For my part, I would just as soon be poisoned as eviscerated. There have been some philosophers who have contended—that to stick at nothing in the way of slaughter is the more humane, because the shorter, method of carrying out martial operations; and, indeed, from a logical point of view, it is difficult to controvert them.

An American lady in the *Forum* has been “going for” the American husband, but by no means in the way of capture; indeed, she describes him as being only too often not worth catching. Her chief indictment against him is that in all pecuniary matters where his wife is concerned he is so “mean.” The poor woman has never a penny to call her own, though the man may be rolling in dollars. She has no pin-money, and the benevolences he doles out to her are given so grudgingly that it is an ordeal to ask for them. Unfortunately, this conduct is not that of the Transatlantic husband only: it is very common here at home. What lies at the bottom of that “meanness” which is seen in many matrons,

and which makes the cabman say that “women expect to go to heaven for a shilling,” is the “meanness” of their husbands; they may not be stingy to themselves, nor indeed to anyone else; they may even have a reputation with the world at large for open-handedness, but to their wives they are shabby and close-fisted. There is, however, this difference between the English and the American husband: the former very rarely “does the ordering of the supplies for the household.” The English wife has, therefore, a better chance of getting supplies for herself, and no doubt, as we are told is the case under these (comparatively) fortunate conditions in America, she takes advantage of it. “She tells her husband that the sugar is out, or that the flour is low,” when those stores are still in a flourishing condition, and with the cash thus obtained she buys “some little gift for a sick friend,” or possibly even something for herself. I should. It is monstrous that a man of means should keep his wife in such circumstances that she can never indulge a charitable impulse. The cause of all this is supposed to be that “women don’t know the value of money”; but if a man chooses to marry a girl who is semi-idiotic, she is, at all events, not a bigger fool than he is. My experience of woman is that she is ten times better qualified to control household expenses than man; but, at all events, this parsimonious conduct will not teach her to do so. If her husband dies, he leaves not only a widow, but a child, to look after his affairs and his other children; but such a man neither thinks nor cares about such a contingency: he is selfish to the core. It is time enough, when the wife has proved herself extravagant, to close the domestic purse-strings. It is cruel to conclude a prisoner guilty while under trial, and shows not only an unjust judge, but one who, as regards human nature, is no judge at all.

Why is it that more amazing incidents happen at Sutton than anywhere else in the known world? For the same reason that white sheep (as Archbishop Whately tells us) eat more than black ones: because there are more of them. I am told that there are nine Suttions: they are conveniently situated for the penny-a-liner, being both inland and on the sea-coast. At one of the marine ones “a jellyfish, with tentacles nine feet long,” has lately attacked a lady bathing. This is pretty well for a jellyfish; if this Sutton had been inland we should have read of a dish of blanc-mange, after a few moments of tremulous indecision, fastening itself on the throat of a lady of fashion. It is only a few months ago that a mother at another Sutton destroyed five of her children, of whom only three could be found. I will not shock my readers by suggesting what became of the other two; but the penny-a-liner did not confine himself to saying that she was very fond of her children, or to a classical allusion to Saturn. The fires at Sutton are very disastrous, I notice, at this season of the year, and the first shocks of our autumn earthquakes occur in its vicinity. In winter, cards are dealt there at whist with the four suits placed in the four hands. A friend of mine, who is the editor of a newspaper, and knows this place, is accustomed to remark of any very remarkable occurrence (recorded in another paper), “This must have happened at Sutton.”

The Parisian waiters are combining against the tip system, which, to our ears, sounds strange enough; but Adolphe across the water is not remunerated personally, as Charles of the hotel is with us; his *pourboires* are put into a common fund, and divided among the whole staff. This is found, naturally enough, to be a premium on idleness and inattention. Adolphe the quick and obliging gets no more than Adolphe the morose and slow. There is a grievance in addition, that the waiters pay for their situations instead of being paid by the proprietor, but that is a matter between themselves. Every guest who values a friendly waiter is interested in Adolphe and his agitation. Unlike most of our trade unions, he is striking against uniformity of wage, and, in his humble way, in the interests of skilled labour.

In Samoa, a native paper informs us, the inhabitants are cricket mad. “The industries of the country,” it says, “are neglected, and the productions of the island seriously impaired” by the fascination of this new amusement. This is curious, because, though in other countries the game has been popular under other forms—in Florence, for example, as *calcio*, in Languedoc as *chicane*, and in Chile as *la chucha*—English cricket has not hitherto found favour with foreigners, and especially the less civilised ones. Everyone remembers the Shah’s astonishment that the “gentlemen” did not always employ the “players” to perform such exhausting work for them, and the Sultan’s innocent inquiry (after the first innings, which he conceived to be an overture) when the fun was to begin. One cannot believe that in Samoa, where shins are tender, and there are no india-rubber leggings, there can be fast bowling. That games are “spread out over a fortnight” is, on the other hand, very credible. Perhaps, as in a recent match in England between the sexes, when, after a hundred runs, the batter, “disgusted, took and cussed it,” and knocked the bails down, there is a Samoan limit to a cricket score.

The Secretary of State for India has appointed Sir Steuart Colvin Bayley, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, to be Secretary in the Political and Secret Department of the India Office, in the room of Colonel Sir E. R. C. Bradford, K.C.B., Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.

As Commander of the Troops in Ireland, General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar held his final review at the Curragh on Sept. 13. The weather was fine and the attendance large and fashionable. The movements were carried out under the command of Major-General Keith Fraser. Prince Edward expressed himself highly pleased with the appearance and carriage of the troops generally, and, addressing the Colonels commanding the different regiments, he bade them all farewell. Their Serene Highnesses were presented before their departure from Dublin with a souvenir, consisting of a solid silver salver, hall-marked 1834, and weighing 157 ounces.

THE LATE CANON LIDDON.

The funeral of this eminent clergyman, one of the most accomplished and esteemed of English religious orators, took place on Tuesday, Sept. 16, in St. Paul’s Cathedral. On the Sunday before, the altar and the Canon’s stall were draped in mourning, and in the afternoon sermon, preached by Canon Scott Holland, reference was made to Canon Liddon’s death; this was done also by Canon Duckworth, at Westminster Abbey, and by several other preachers in London that day. Our Illustration will remind many, who have attended the services at St. Paul’s, of Canon Liddon’s figure and manner in the pulpit, where his earnest and polished eloquence used to make a deep impression on very large audiences. With reference to the facts of his early life, some biographical particulars, stated last week, have been corrected by members of his family. His birthplace was not Taunton, but North Stoneham, in Hampshire, where he was baptised on Sept. 26, 1829, in the parish church, his family belonging to the Church of England; but his father, Captain Matthew Liddon, R.N., who commanded the Griper in Sir Edward Parry’s North-West Passage Exploring Expedition, afterwards resided at Colyton, near Axminster, and some part of Henry Parry Liddon’s childhood was spent with an aunt at Taunton. From 1839 to 1842 he was at the academy of Mr. George Roberts, M.R.S.L., author of the “Life of the Duke of Monmouth,” the “History of Lyme Regis,” the “Geological Dictionary,” and other works, at Lyme Regis, where the foundation of his education was laid. Several of his schoolfathers have since been distinguished, among them John Waring, a native of Lyme, whose works on the Fine Arts are well known. Some of them now living can well remember the thoughtful, studious lad, his amiable temper, his clear enunciation and correct expression, emanating from lips that were enabled afterwards to fascinate the most intellectual hearers of his discourses. He was subsequently at King’s College School in London, and student of Christ Church College, Oxford.

The funeral, in the crypt of St. Paul’s, was attended by the Bishops of Oxford, Lincoln, Salisbury, Lichfield, Truro, St. Albans, Reading, Bedford, and three Colonial Bishops, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul’s, the Lord Mayor of London, and many persons of distinction, with the family and friends of the deceased. It was performed with more than usual solemnity.

The final competition for the gold and silver championship badges of the London Rifle Brigade took place on Sept. 16, at Rainham. The winner of the gold badge was Private Lock, Private Elkington being second. The silver badge was won by Private Koszelski.

The Engraving of Canon Liddon which appeared in our last week’s issue was from the only portrait taken of him, for Mr. G. C. Whitfield’s publication “Men of Mark.” By permission of the family, the London Stereoscopic Company will offer portraits to the general public for sale.

The first night of the fourth season of the Cedars Dances is fixed for Tuesday, Oct. 14, at Addison Hall, Kensington, and they are to be continued on alternate Tuesdays up to the middle of May. All particulars can be had by writing to Captain Blyth at the hall.

The Society of Arts have erected one of their memorial tablets on the house, 19, Warwick-crescent, Maida-hill, where Robert Browning lived from the time of his return out of Italy, after the death of his wife, in 1861, until the summer of 1887, when he removed to 29, De Vere-gardens.

The educational committee of the London Young Women’s Christian Association have again issued an attractive prospectus of evening classes. Last autumn and winter nearly 2000 young women availed themselves of these classes, and numerous prizes and certificates were awarded to those students who proved successful in the recent examinations. At about twenty institutes in all parts of London classes are held for teaching dress-cutting, book-keeping, shorthand, type-writing, cookery, ambulance, Civil Service preparation, &c. Prizes and certificates are again offered. There are two good gymnasias and classes for gymnastic drill at other institutes. A prospectus will be sent free on application to the secretary, 16A, Old Cavendish-street, W.

The Rev. R. S. Baker, of Hargrave Rectory, Northants, local secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, London, in a letter to the *Times* on the Roman city of Silchester, says: “Among the not least interesting results of excavation, there will doubtless be found at Silchester, as on other purely Roman sites, indications of change and progress from century to century. In excavating the purely Roman site of Irchester, a walled camp and Roman town near Wellingborough, in 1878, I found foundations of later Roman houses overlying earlier ones, and crossing them at all angles—sometimes three deep. In one later foundation a mutilated stone deity lay prostrate, as a mere building-stone, clearly pointing to the last hundred years of Roman rule, when the gods had to make way for Jesus of Nazareth. Similarly, I remember the veteran Northumbrian squire, John Clayton, pointing out an altar of Jupiter, built in to form a corner-stone in one of the camps of the Roman wall. It is sometimes a question whether or not to dismantle the later work in order to investigate the older.”—During some excavations at Winchester, recently, some massive foundations, supposed to belong to the Norman Conqueror’s palace, were uncovered, as also a column of large proportions, the mouldings of which denote Roman work. A stone implement, formed of a pebble with a hole for a handle, fragments of mediæval pottery, portions of Flemish ware of the Tudor period, and a perfect vase of the same period were also found.

The Queen of Roumania, accompanied by Lord Mostyn and attended by her suite, arrived at Bangor at noon on Sept. 12, and was met at the station by Sir Richard Bulkeley. The party then drove through Menai Bridge to Beaumaris, where luncheon was served at Baron Hill, Sir Richard Bulkeley’s seat. The Beaumaris Choral Union sang selections. Her Majesty visited the ancient castle, and returned to Llandudno by yacht. On the 13th the Queen drove round the Little Orme’s Head in an open landau at noon. A crowd assembled round the hotel as her Majesty left the town, and in the crush a child was heard to scream, whereupon the Queen left her carriage, and, making her way through the crowd, seized the child, and with kisses and caresses soothed and quieted it. The Queen then gave the child back to its mother, and drove off amid cheers. The Queen attended Divine service at Llanrhos Church, near Llandudno, on Sunday morning, the 14th, accompanied by her suite, and Lady Augusta Mostyn, Lady Isabel Bligh, the Hon. Henry Mostyn, and Mrs. Mostyn. The Rev. Francis Griffith Jones (Vicar) officiated and preached. On the 15th her Majesty arrived at Penrhyn Castle, and visited Carnarvon, where the Town Council presented an address. The Queen was entertained at luncheon in the castle by Sir John Puleston, the newly appointed Constable, who conducted her over the fortress. She received an enthusiastic reception at Lord Penrhyn’s Bethesda quarries. Her Majesty has greatly benefited in health by her sojourn in Wales.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT SALONICA.

The city of Salonica, which was the ancient Thessalonica of the Apostle Paul's travels, preachings, and Epistles, is an important commercial port of European Turkey, situated at the head of the western gulf of the Ægean Sea. It is the terminus of the Austrian and Servian railway system, now approaching completion, which may hereafter become the most advantageous route from Central Europe to the East. This large and populous city has been visited by a great calamity; the fire which broke out on Sept. 3 continuing two days and nights, with destructive effects that were most disastrous; for more than twelve hundred dwellings were burnt down, among which were the British and Greek Consulates. The fire began at midnight in the Jewish quarter, and that part of the town was densely populated. The houses being of combustible materials, rendered still more inflammable by the hot dry weather, the flames, fanned by a high north wind, rapidly spread. There was a scarcity of water, the aqueducts from the hills being almost empty, and no appliances were at hand for getting sea-water. It was, therefore, impossible to do more than to endeavour to prevent loss of life and save portable property. The Mosque of St. Sophia, almost as fine a building as that of the same name at Constantinople, of which it was a model on a smaller scale, was burned to the ground, also the Byzantine Church. The Government archives, with manuscripts and old records dating back three hundred years, were destroyed, only a few land titles being saved. The British Consulate was also gutted, though the archives were got out safely. The Greek Consulate, the Greek Bishop's palace, the Metropolitan Church, containing valuable altar plate, and seven synagogues were in turn destroyed. The fire also consumed the Greek hospital, where thirteen of the inmates perished. The loss covered by insurance is expected to involve the payment of £200,000, British capital alone being involved to the amount of £150,000. Over 18,000 persons are homeless, and, being mostly of the poorest Jewish classes, are utterly destitute. The Government is issuing tents and daily rations for their relief. Assistance in the shape of money, bread, and clothes will be greatly needed in the approaching cold weather. The Lord Mayor of London has opened a relief subscription.

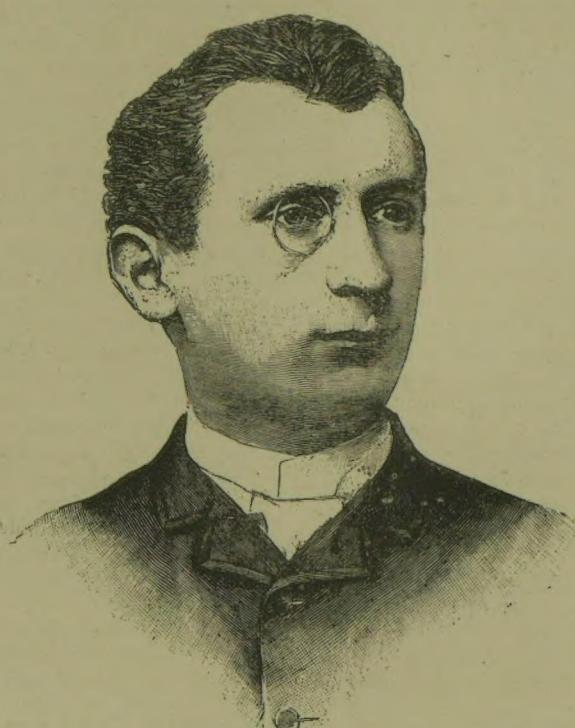
THE FLOODS AT PRAGUE.

It has been ascertained by the authorities of the city of Prague that the Karlsbrücke, except the three arches destroyed by the flooding of the river Moldau, remains in a secure condition, and that these arches can be restored, at a cost of 250,000 florins, but the work is expected to take eighteen months. The curious statues and groups of stone figures, one of which represents the legendary martyrdom of St. John Nepomuk, the ecclesiastical patron of the city, who was thrown into the river, will probably be restored in their former completeness. We give an illustration of the scene during the inundation which has damaged this ancient bridge, erected by the former Kings of Bohemia, and fondly cherished as a memorial of Czech nationality. The University of Prague is also of much antiquity, having been founded by King Karl IV. in 1348; the cathedral is a fine old Gothic structure, containing the tomb of St. John Nepomuk, with a huge silver shrine, and monuments of the ancient Kings. Other buildings on the Hradschin, a steep hill overlooking the city and river, bear witness to the dignified past history of the Bohemian capital, which has repeatedly been assaulted and bombarded, besieged and captured in war.

All the Italian observatories report an unusual number of meteors this year ever since the usual period for the Perseids, about Aug. 10. Many splendid meteors have also been seen, but more towards the north of Italy.

THE BOULANGIST REVELATIONS.

The recent publication of "Les Coulisses du Boulangisme," in the *Figaro*, by M. Mermeix, an enterprising Parisian journalist, who is also Deputy for the seventh Arrondissement of



M. MERMEIX,

PARIS JOURNALIST, WHO PUBLISHED THE BOULANGIST REVELATIONS.

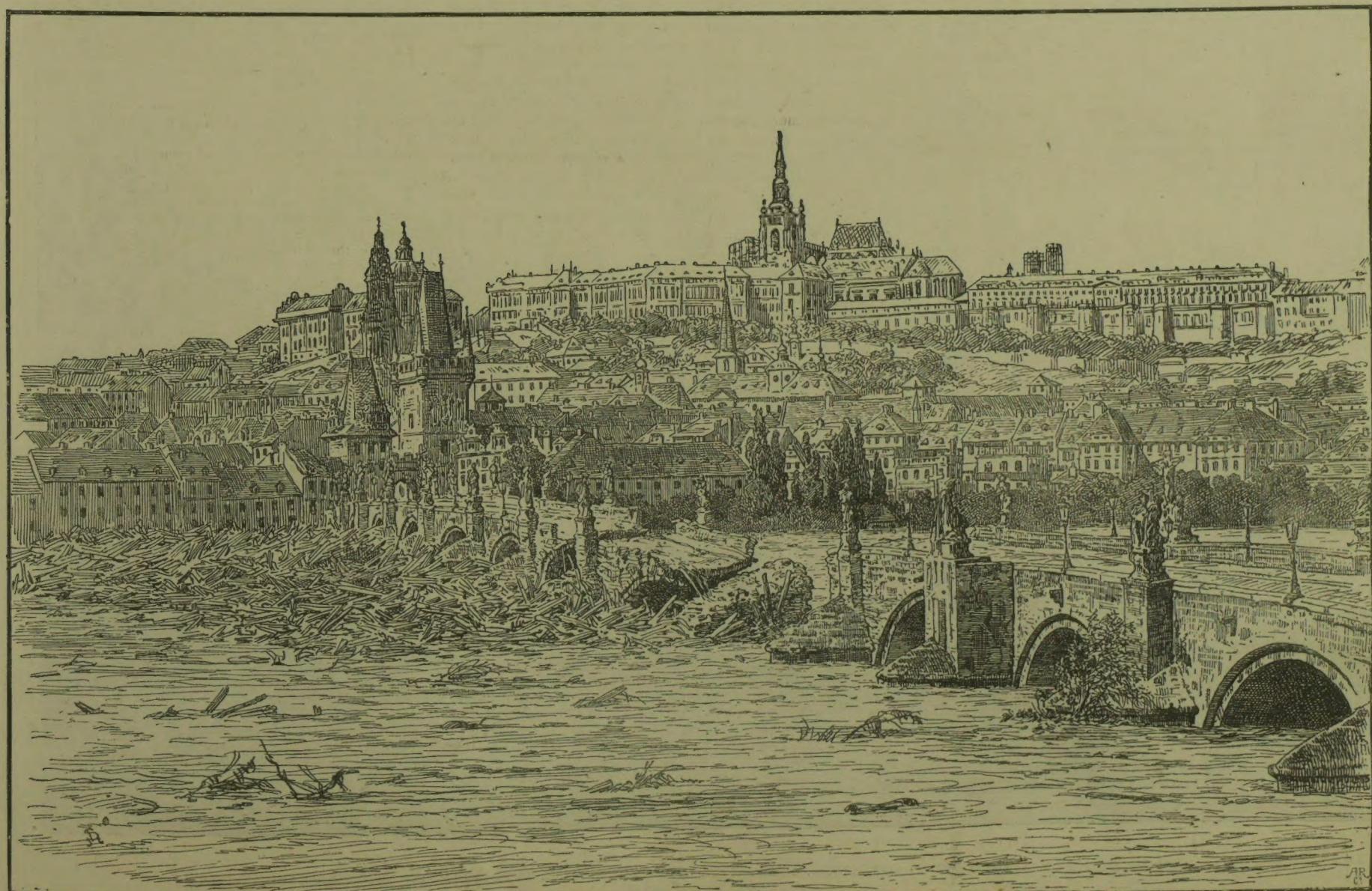
place as one of the "National Committee for the Revision of the Constitution," which numbered some dozen or fifteen obscure politicians, meeting at the Café Riche, he was treated by them with a vote of censure, and had to fight a sword duel, on Sept. 7, with M. de Labruyère, who was slightly wounded in the arm. M. Mermeix declares his readiness to fight any number of those who slander or insult him, but nobody expects that lives will be sacrificed in this worthless quarrel. He fought with M. Dumontel on Sept. 15, and received a slight wound in the breast.

GERMAN MILITARY MANOEUVRES IN SCHLESWIG.

The Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864, between Germany and Denmark, seems now an affair of long-past history, though many of us can well remember the feeling of interest with which we watched the brave defence of the Düppel fortifications, on the mainland shore of the strait dividing the small island of Alsen, with the town of Sonderburg, from the east coast of Schleswig to the north of the Gulf of Flensburg. The Prussian army, greatly superior in force and equipment, gained the victory after a prolonged struggle, and Schleswig, as well as Holstein, is now part of the Kingdom of Prussia. The locality of the old conflict twenty-six years ago has been selected for the manoeuvres of the Ninth Corps of the German Imperial Army, which took place on Monday, Sept. 8, and two following days, under command of the Emperor William II., combined with the operations of a naval squadron, consisting of eight ironclad ships, a cruiser, three despatch-vessels, and three divisions of torpedo-boats. The troops were divided into two forces, commanded respectively by General Finck von Finckenstein and General Von Scherff: the latter represented an invading army, which was supported by a naval force in the Alsen Sound; while the former was defending the shores of Schleswig. On the first day, the German ironclads, with two torpedo-boat divisions, co-operated with the military force which, under General Von Scherff, invaded the mainland from Sonderburg and drove the defenders as far westward as Nübel; on Tuesday, a torpedo-boat division belonging to General Finck von Finckenstein's force entered the Nübel Noor and helped to drive the tide of battle eastward again. On Wednesday, during the operations in the small hours of the morning, the ironclads had no opportunity of rendering useful assistance to Von Scherff, and discovered, when day broke, that his cause was already past redemption. The general outline of the operations being thus described, we need only further to mention that one of the chief incidents was the recapture of the Düppel heights, in a night attack, by General Finck von Finckenstein, which is shown in our illustration. It was afeat gallantly performed, in spite of the electric light used by General Von Scherff to discover the approaching enemy. The Emperor and his Chief of the Staff, Count Waldersee, watched all the manoeuvres with close attention.

At a meeting of the Wellington Philosophical Society, New Zealand, lately, Mr. Hulke exhibited a specimen of a curious spider, which carries its young upon its body, without the aid of a web or filament, until they are strong enough to run by themselves.

This year the Library Association of the United Kingdom held its annual conference at Reading on the evening of Sept. 16. The early comers were welcomed by the Mayor of Reading and a local reception committee at a conversazione in the Townhall. The business of the conference began on the 17th, and concluded on the day following. In accordance with the modern fashion of congresses to mingle business with pleasure, the members of the Library Association had a capital holiday week arranged for them.



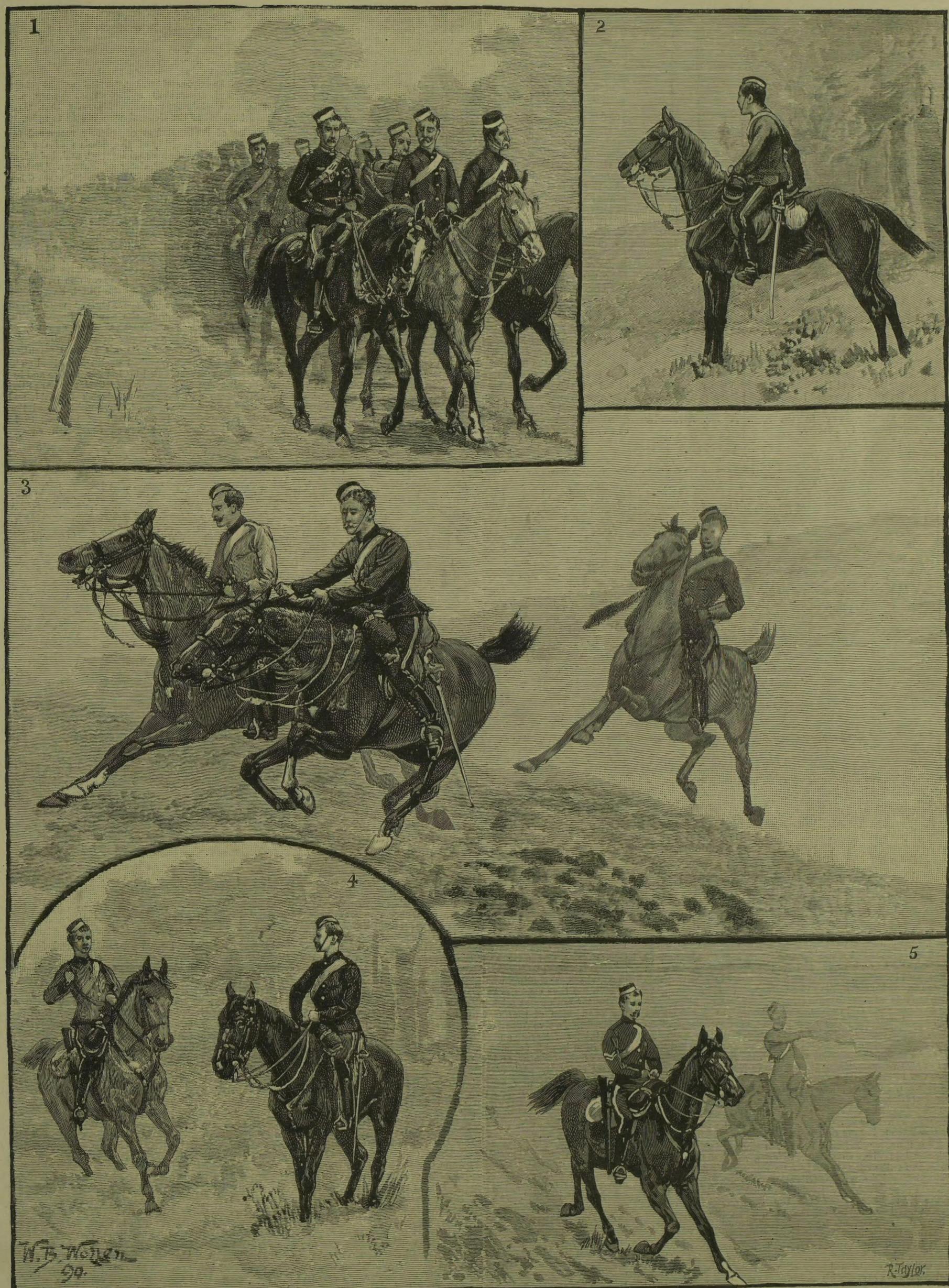
THE KARLSBRÜCKE BRIDGE AT PRAGUE, PARTLY DESTROYED BY THE FLOOD.



SALONICA, ON THE SHORES OF THE ÆGEAN SEA: SCENE OF THE RECENT CONFLAGRATION.



THE GERMAN MILITARY MANOEUVRES IN SCHLESWIG: NIGHT ATTACK ON THE DÜPPEL INTRENCHMENTS, WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT.



1. 20th Hussars leaving camp, 7 a.m.
2. "What can it be?"

3. "Gallopers" racing with orders.
4. "Seen anything of the 5th, Chummy?"

5. Our orders are "to proceed as rapidly as we can,
and to get touch of the enemy."

THE AUTUMN CAVALRY MANOEUVRES ON THE BERKSHIRE DOWNS: SCOUTING PARTY OF THE 20TH HUSSARS IN FOGGY WEATHER.

THE AUTUMN CAVALRY MANOEUVRES.

The two brigades of cavalry, with Horse Artillery and Mounted Infantry, and Engineer Telegraph Corps, commanded respectively by Major-General Le Quesne and by Colonel Liddell, whose headquarters were at Churn and Uffington, among the Berkshire Downs, continued their manoeuvres against each other until Saturday, Sept. 20, under the supervision of Major-General Sir Baker Russell, at Wantage, in chief command. The brigade of Colonel Liddell was comparatively weak in cavalry; and its mounted infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Hutton, were required to perform some marches, rather exposed to the enemy's attack, without the aid of cavalry supports. Our Illustration, however, of the 20th Hussars, which belonged to Colonel Liddell's brigade, engaged in scouting, one foggy morning, shows that the light cavalry had something to do. A correspondent, writing from the scene of action on Sept. 12, made the following remarks:—

"While watching the operations, one cannot help noticing the beneficial effect produced on the troops by the complete change of scene and country. The going is perfect from one end of the manoeuvre ground to the other, and there is no dust to be swallowed; so the longer the distance to be traversed, the longer the duration of the enjoyment. There seems to be in the minds of a certain proportion of the riders a shade of uncertainty at times as to the point of the compass to which they are riding, which lends excitement to the scouting and patrolling; and, if the wrong direction is taken, it probably leads to a real good long race up and down hill and dale between pursued and pursuer, which is as pleasant a form of peace-soldiering as can well be imagined. And in this unknown country, with, for England, large topographical features, the men are, insensibly to themselves, imbibing wider and bigger ideas of cavalry work."

On the recommendation of the Secretary for Scotland, the Queen has made the following appointments: Mr. Alexander Fraser, Sheriff Substitute at Stornoway, to be Sheriff Substitute of Inverness, Elgin, and Nairn at Portree, in the room of Mr. John Guy Hamilton, deceased; Mr. Donald Davidson, solicitor, Inverness, to be Sheriff Substitute of Ross, Cromarty, and Sutherland at Stornoway, in the room of Mr. Alexander Fraser, transferred to Portree.

BELLINZONA, TICINO.

The revolution, quickly accomplished with some acts of violence and small loss of life, in the Canton of Ticino, or Tessin, on Sept. 11, does not impair the constitutional position of that Canton as part of the Swiss Federal Republic, which consists of twenty-two Cantons—namely, Berne, Zürich, Vaud, Aargau, St. Gall, Lucerne, Ticino, Freiburg, the Grisons, the Valais, Thurgau, Basle, Neufchâtel, Geneva, Solothurn, Appenzell, Glarus, Schaffhausen, Unterwalden, Schwyz, Uri, and Zug, in the order of their population, represented proportionately in the National Assembly. Ticino, which ranks seventh among these Cantons, has a population, mostly Italian-speaking, of 122,000, its chief towns being the capital, Bellinzona, Locarno, and Lugano, on the Italian side of the Alps. Locarno is at the head of the Lake Maggiore; Lugano is on the shore of its own lake; and Bellinzona is on the banks of the river Ticino, which flows into Lake Maggiore some ten miles below this town. It appears that the Cantonal Government, which has long been in the hands of the Ultramontane priestly party, and by which the administration of the finances has been ill-managed, was guilty of violating the Constitution, having refused to comply with a legal demand, made by more than the prescribed number of citizens, on Aug. 9, to elect an Assembly for the purpose of revising the Constitution of the Canton. In consequence of this, on Sept. 11, Liberals from all parts of the Canton, assembling at Bellinzona, surprised the guard of the arsenal, took possession of guns and stores, and entered the Council-house of the Government, led by an advocate named Bruni: they arrested three Councillors of State—Messrs. Crespi, Castella, and Granella—and one, M. Rossi, was accidentally shot in a scuffle on the stairs; the others took flight. The victorious party then appointed a Provisional Government, and convened an Assembly; but next day the Federal Council of Switzerland, at Berne, having got reports of the affair, sent two battalions of Swiss troops, with a Commissioner, M. Kuengli, to restore order, which was done without the slightest opposition. In the town of Bellinzona, and all along the St. Gothard Railway, and everywhere in the Canton, the representatives of the Federal Government were loyally welcomed. The new Provisional Government of Ticino was set aside, or rather abdicated; and it was arranged that, on Sept. 23, the question of revising the Constitution of that Canton should be submitted to a popular vote.

FOREIGN NEWS.

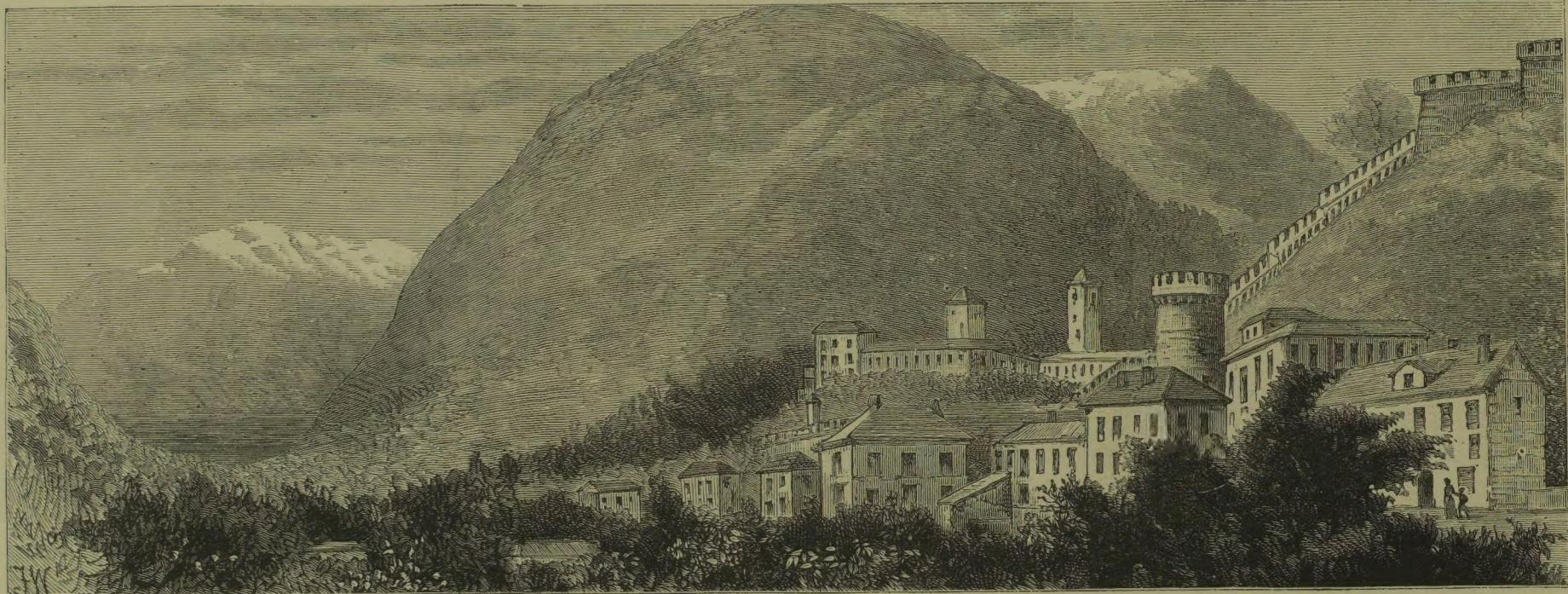
Madame Carnot gave a garden party on Sept. 14 in the English Garden at Fontainebleau.—President Carnot accompanied M. De Freycinet to Cambrai, on the 17th, to attend the review of the First and Second Army Corps, on the conclusion of the manoeuvres of the French Army.—The French Order of Freemasons have expelled M. Laguerre, the noted Boulangist, for his participation in the General's conspiracy.—A duel, arising out of the Boulangist disclosures, was fought on the 14th between M. Mayer Levy, one of M. Mermeix's seconds, and M. Galopin. Both of the combatants were wounded in their right wrists, the latter severely. M. Mermeix fought a duel on the 15th at the Maisons Lafitte, and was wounded in the chest. His opponent was M. Dumonteil, a Boulangist deputy, who took exception to a statement by M. Mermeix that those who remained faithful to the General were afraid to fight.

The King of Portugal has completely recovered from his recent illness. The opening of the Session of the Cortes on Sept. 15 excited more than usual interest, and, indeed, anxiety, it being known that the Minister of Foreign Affairs was to submit for ratification the Anglo-Portuguese Convention regarding Africa. The Minister was hooted by the Progressist minority; and, when Major Serpa Pinto intervened, he was assaulted, and a personal encounter ensued on the floor of the Chamber. On the tumult subsiding the Convention was submitted to a committee for examination.

In opening the States-General of Holland on Sept. 16, the Minister for the Colonies expressed regret that the Anti-Slavery Conference had not yet achieved its humane object. He added that it was intended to carry out irrigation works and extend the railway system in the Dutch East Indies.

The King and Queen of the Belgians were present, on Sept. 15, at the opening of the annual Belgian Fine Arts Exhibition (*Le Salon*) at Brussels. The quantity of work exhibited is described as being overwhelming. A lady's portrait by Sir John Everett Millais attracts attention.

The German Emperor reached Berlin from Kiel on Sept. 11. His Majesty was accompanied by his usual suite and by Field-Marshal Count Von Moltke. At the Charlottenburg Station the Empress, Prince and Princess Frederick Leopold, and their guests, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, joined the train, which almost immediately continued the journey to Breslau. On the 12th his Majesty reviewed the Sixth Army Corps,



BELLINZONA, CAPITAL OF THE SWISS CANTON OF TICINO, SCENE OF THE LATE REVOLUTION.

twenty thousand strong. The Emperor William, speaking at a banquet to the provincial authorities at Breslau, at which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present, expressed a hope that their efforts for the benefit of the working population might be imitated by others throughout the Empire, without distinction of party or creed. On the 15th the Fifth, or Posen, Army Corps paraded before the Emperor, who was again accompanied by the Empress, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and their suites, at Brechelshof, between Liegnitz and Breslau. This review also passed off with great brilliancy, and afterwards their Imperial Majesties gave another State military banquet in the Schloss at Liegnitz.—The conference of Old Catholics was opened at Cologne on the 12th, about 200 delegates representing communities in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Italy, France, and other countries being present. It was resolved to hold an International Congress of the Old Catholics of Germany, Holland, and Switzerland every two years, the next congress to meet in Switzerland. After the sitting of the delegates, on the 13th, there was a banquet. On Sunday, the 21st, the delegates will attend a special service, a public meeting taking place subsequently.—According to Reuter a serious mining disaster has occurred at Maybach Pit, near St. Wendel. Of 400 men who descended the shaft about 150 are said to be missing.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, accompanied by Count Kalnoky, left Vienna on Sept. 16 on a visit to the German Emperor, in Prussian Silesia.—The Empress of Austria, travelling incognito, arrived at Gibraltar on the 16th, from Lisbon, on board the yacht Chazalie.—The work of removing the rocks at the Iron Gates obstructing the free navigation of the Danube was inaugurated on the 15th, when the Greben rock was partially blown up by a blast of sixty kilogrammes of dynamite, in the presence of many Hungarian and Servian authorities. The Hungarian Minister of Commerce fired the first charge by electricity. Large numbers of the inhabitants had collected on both banks of the Danube, and the first explosion was greeted with enthusiastic cheers.—The Austrian war-ship Taurus, of 540 tons displacement, has foundered in the Black Sea, with the loss of all hands. The vessel had a complement of seventy-three officers and men.

Sept. 11 being the Czar's nameday, Divine service was celebrated in the chapel of the mansion where the Imperial family are residing during their stay at Rovno. The nobility of Volhynia, and also a deputation representing the rural population, presented eikons to the Emperor. The Czar and Czarina subsequently held a reception of ladies, and the festivities terminated with a banquet. The town was adorned with flags,

and otherwise lavishly decorated, in honour of the occasion. In the evening the streets were brilliantly illuminated, and a firework display was given. The great Russian manoeuvres in Volhynia terminated on the 14th, on which day the Czar held a general review of all the troops engaged—namely, the five army corps commanded by Generals Gourko and Dragomiroff, divided into two bodies, operating one against the other. The Czar and the Russian Imperial family have arrived at Spala, his Majesty's Polish hunting-seat, where, according to St. Petersburg advices, they will remain for four weeks.—At Nicolaieff, on the 11th, there was celebrated with great rejoicings the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of that city by Catherine II. The first-class battle-ship *Twelve Apostles* was launched, in the presence of the Minister of Marine and suite.—An Industrial and Economic Exhibition has been opened in Tashkend, to promote the commerce of the country, and to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its occupation by Russia.

A trial of the new smokeless powder in comparison with common powder took place on Sept. 12 upon the Island of Amager, near the Danish capital, in the presence of the King and the Minister of War. The superiority of the smokeless powder was regarded as indisputable.

After forty-six days' debate, the United States Senate passed the Tariff Bill by a majority of eleven in a house of sixty-nine; but the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives have decided not to concur in any of the amendments made by the Senate in the schedule of duties attached to the Bill. Mr. Read, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, appointed seven members to confer with the Senate on the matter.—The reports published by the United States Government of the harvest in that country show that, upon the average of all crops, there has never been a worse year than the present one. Single cereals have been worse in previous years, but this year all kinds of crops exhibit a greatly diminished yield.—The latest revision of the American Census returns makes the population of New York 1,513,501. Brooklyn is held to be responsible for the fact that there are not two million inhabitants in the city. The population of Utah has increased by 43 per cent. during the last ten years.—The directors of the World's Fair have decided upon a dual site for the exhibition on Lake Front and Jackson Park.

Mr. McConnell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, has returned from investigating the Athabasca petroleum-fields, in the Canadian North-West Territories. He says that there is a greater quantity of petroleum in these than in any known district in the world. Along the Athabasca River there are

vast beds of sand, 250 ft. thick, saturated with oil for hundreds of miles.

In spite of the emancipation decree of the Sultan of Zanzibar, permission is given for the sale and purchase of slaves in German territory in East Africa.

A despatch has been received at Tashkend from Captain Grombtshevski, the Central Asian explorer, dated Kaljan, July 20, stating that, although he ascended the highlands of Thibet on May 21, frost and want of water compelled him to descend to the Kashgar Valley without having explored the region. At the end of the summer the Captain proposed exploring the territory on the river Tiznaf and the lowlands of the Jarkend Daria, and in the autumn the Kashgar mountain range from the Jarkend up to the Great Kara Kul Lake. After reporting that the Commander of Kandshut has become a vassal of the Indian Government in consideration of an annual subsidy, the letter asserts that the English have restored the fort of Shah-i-Dulla Chodja, which they have occupied with Kashgar troops, and that they have thus taken possession of the territory of the Rashkem Daria, which is in every way suitable for cultivation. The British Consulate at Gilgit had been restored, and the boundaries of British dominion in the Pamir region were now only distant a three-days march from the Russian territory on the Kara Kul Lake.

According to a telegram received from St. Petersburg, the Chinese Government has begun the construction of a railway from Kaipine to Giurine, in Manchuria, with the help of English engineers and capital.

The resolutions proposed in the New South Wales Legislature by Sir Henry Parkes for the appointment of delegates to a National Australian Convention, empowered to consider and report upon an adequate scheme for a Federal Constitution for the Australian Colonies, have been adopted by the House of Assembly by ninety-seven to eleven votes.

The New Zealand House of Representatives, which originally rejected the proposal of the Government to nominate delegates to the forthcoming Australasian Federation Convention, has agreed to a compromise, and has passed a resolution appointing Sir G. Grey and Mr. W. R. Russell as delegates for the colony, without the power, however, of committing New Zealand to any definite action. The House of Representatives has approved of the renewal of the San Francisco and direct mail services for twelve months, and has also agreed to the postage of twopence-halfpenny on letters by those routes. The present postage rate of sixpence is, however, maintained for specially marked letters, via Brindisi.

THE DOCKERS' STRIKE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

The strike of labourers employed at the Southampton Docks, followed by the coal-porters and others, -from Monday,



READY FOR THE PROCESSION.

Sept. 8, and during most of that week, ended by their returning to work on Saturday; but an arrangement was made, on the following Monday, by the directors of the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company (West Indies line) and those of the Union Steamship Company (to the Cape), granting certain concessions with regard to the wages of seamen and firemen on board their ships. The Seamen's and Firemen's Union had taken the opportunity of the dock strike to enforce the recognition of their own claims. So far as the dock labourers were concerned, they gained no advantage by the strike, and were compelled to surrender when they had learnt, on the Thursday evening, that the expected allowance of ten shillings a week for each man, from the London Executive of the Dockers' Union, would not be forthcoming.

In the meantime, on the Tues-

day, after many hours of un-

checked violence and intimidi-

ation practised at the dock gates,

where carts and barrows were

stopped by gangs of the men

out on strike, while other

labourers, attempting to go in

for work in the docks, were forcibly prevented, and often

severely beaten, the Southampton magistrates, fearing the

police would not be strong enough, had sent to the commander

of the Portsmouth garrison for military assistance. A detach-

ment of the 19th Regiment, 250 men and twelve officers,

arrived at Southampton in the evening, and marched into



DOCKERS.

Canute-road, which was thronged by a threatening mob. A fire-engine was at first brought to play on the crowd, but failed to disperse them, and they pelted the police and the soldiers with stones. Lieutenant Abercrombie and two private soldiers were badly hit. The Mayor, Mr. James Bishop, having read the Riot Act, after two hours of brawling, the military and police made a determined effort to clear the road. The soldiers were obliged to fix bayonets and charge the rioters at double-quick march; several persons were wounded, and the mob then soon gave way. Seventeen prisoners were taken and conveyed to Winchester jail.

One of the original instigators of the strike, William Sprow, was arrested on the Friday evening, at a meeting held in the Victoria Rooms, under a magistrates' warrant, charged with intimidation and inciting to violence. Meetings were held daily, at an open place called the Platform, and in the rooms engaged for the evening, the chief speakers being

Sprow and Sprague, secretary of the local Dockers' Union, and Mr. John Burns, of London; there were also processions, with such queer emblems as are shown in our Artist's Sketches. Several ministers of religion—the Rev. W. Perrin, Vicar of St. Luke's; the Rev. Canon Scannell, Roman Catholic priest; and the Rev. J. Leach, Primitive Methodist—attempted to mediate between the strikers and the employers, but were not received by the latter.

The borough magistrates were occupied on Monday, Sept. 15, with the further hearing of several charges arising out of the riotous proceedings of the preceding week. The case which excited the greatest interest was that of Mr. Sprow, the leader of the dockers, who was charged on remand, with intimidating several of the firemen, who had signed articles, from joining the Royal Mail steamship La Plata, and so preventing her going to sea. At the close of the evidence the chairman announced that a majority of the magistrates were of opinion that the case should go to the Borough Sessions for trial. The defendant's solicitor applied that Sprow might be committed to the Assizes instead of the Borough Sessions, as the latter would shortly be held, and there was so much local prejudice existing. This application was acceded to, and Sprow was committed for trial at the Assizes, being admitted to bail, himself in £50, and two sureties in £25 each.

The Employers of Labour Association met again at the Dock House, under the presidency of Sir Steuart Macnaghten, and discussed the position of affairs, and they are seriously considering the positive necessity of at once forming a free labour registration for the purpose of securing the services of men in all capacities for work as free men without reference to any other combination. The association adjourned their meeting; and, on resuming, a scheme for the registration of all free labour and employment for the port generally will be formulated and put into immediate operation. This scheme will embody a statement of the increased wages which are now paid on all sides, and would arrange that these wages should continue for a certain period without being lessened or otherwise interfered with. What has mainly induced the employers in deciding not to recognise the union is the fact

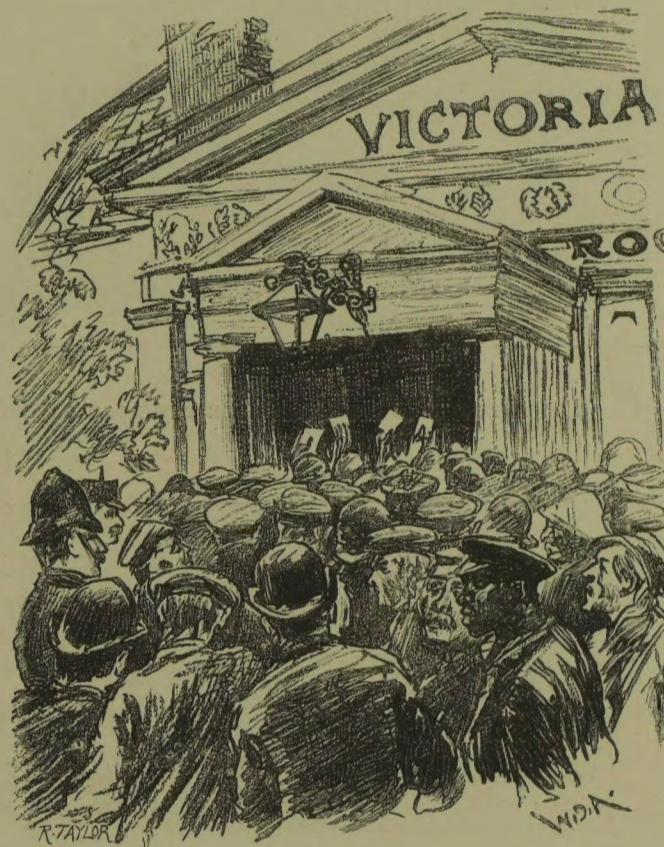


MR. JOHN BURNS WITH ONE OF THE BOILER-MAKERS.

B.D., Vicar of Sunningdale, to be his chaplain during his term of office. His colleague, Mr. Augustus Harris, has selected Mr. Thomas Beard, solicitor, of Basinghall-street, as Under-Sheriff, and the Rev. Dr. Edward Ker-Gray, Incumbent of St. George's Chapel, Albemarle-street, as chaplain.

There were in the last half-year 16,857 students attending lectures in the seventeen French "Faculties" and Universities.

Taking time by the forelock, the promoters of the Royal Naval Exhibition next year are already on the alert devising their plans. The Duke of Edinburgh was present at a meeting of the various sub-committees held at the Admiralty on Sept. 16—presided over by Admiral Sir William Dowell, his Royal Highness's predecessor in the command



DOCKERS CRUSHING INTO VICTORIA ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

that the union makes it a *sine qua non* that none but unionists shall be employed, while the masters are firmly contending for the principle that employment shall be open to all.

Sir W. Robinson, the new Governor of Western Australia, left London on Sept. 16. His Excellency travelled overland to Naples, where he joined the Orient, on board of which his Staff and servants had previously embarked.

The Duchess of Beaufort, on Sept. 16, opened a bazaar in the New Townhall, Trowbridge, in aid of the funds of the Church Extension Society for promoting the wellbeing of the poor in East London. The representatives of many county

families took part in the proceedings. In declaring the bazaar open her Grace urged all who had the happiness to live in the country to do whatever they could to help those who had to dwell in towns.

Prince George, second son of the Czar, arrived in Plymouth Sound on Sept. 13 on board the Russian ironclad *Pamiat Azow*, of which he is an officer. The vessel remained until the 17th, when she left for the Mediterranean.

A new hospital, which has been erected by Miss Lambert of Sowerby, at a cost of £2000, was opened at Thirsk on Sept. 16. The hospital has been built and furnished for the benefit of the sick and poor of Thirsk, Sowerby, and the neighbourhood, and has been endowed to the extent of £220 per annum.

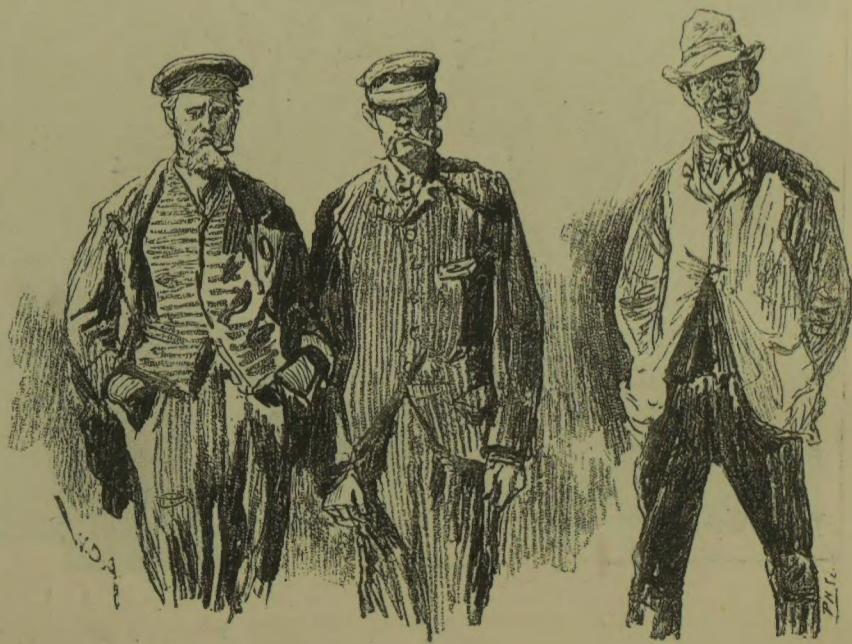
Mr. William Farmer, the senior Sheriff-elect of the City, has appointed Mr. Beaumont Sheppard, solicitor, of Finsbury-circus, to be his Under-Sheriff, and the Rev. J. A. Cree,



CANON SCANNELL USES HIS POWER OF PERSUASION.

at Devonport. As a result of the deliberations it was decided to hold the exhibition in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, if the commissioners of that national institution will grant the use of three acres of additional land. The

object of this requisition is to enable evolutions of Blue-jackets and naval drill and exercises to be given as a special feature in connection with the outdoor entertainments. The guarantee fund, it was reported, already amounts to £30,000, and it is expected to be largely augmented. To add to the completeness of the display, the committee wish to secure the loan of any works of art, relics, mementoes, or trophies illustrative of naval history or nautical warfare that may be in the possession of private individuals or public bodies, who are assured that every care will be taken of the articles lent. Communications should be addressed to the honorary secretary, Captain Jephson, R.N., at the offices, 6, Craig's-court, S.W.



DOCKERS.



DOCKER'S WIFE REVILING THE POLICE.



SOLDIERS IN READINESS INSIDE THE DOCK GATE.



DOCKERS' MEETING, WITH MR. SPROW SPEAKING.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

We met by chance in a glade of black shadows among the cedar branches, I and that damsels in white, and, finding I would not woo her, she set to work and wooed me.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHœNICIAN.

RETOLED BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XI.

Now, when that fair young English girl, at her father's voice, turned to acknowledge my presence—thinking it was some other new knight of the many who came there every hour, she lifted her eyes to mine—and then, all on a sudden, without rhyme or reason, she started back and blanched whiter than her own wimple, and then flushed again, equally unaccountably, and fell a-trembling and staring at me in a wondrous fashion. She came a step forward, as though she would greet some long-looked-for friend, and then withdrew—and half held out her hand, and took it back, the while the colour came and went upon her cheeks in quick flushes, and, stirred by some strange emotion, her bosom rose and fell under the golden cestus and the lawn with the stress of her feelings. The sudden storm, however invoked, shook that sweet fabric most mightily. There, in that very minute, it seemed—there, in that merry, careless place in sight of me, but a gaudy gallant a little more thoughtful-looking, perhaps, than those she often saw, yet, all the same, naught but a stranger gallant, unknown and nameless to her—moved by some affinity within us, just as the alchemist's magic touch converts between two breaths one elixir in his crucibles to another, so, before my eyes, I saw in that fair girl's pallid face love flush through her veins and light her heart and eyes with a responding blush!

And I—I the unhappy, I the sorrow bestower, as I saw her first; what of all things in this wide world should I think of—what should leap up in my mind as I perked my gilded scabbard and bowed low to the polished oaken floor in my glittering Plantagenet finery—what vision should come to me in that latter-day hall, among those mandolin-fingering courtiers, before that costly raiment maiden, the fair heiress of a thousand years of care and gentle living, that girl leaning frightened and shy upon the arm of her strong father like a soft white mist-cloud in the shadow of a mountain—what thought, what idea, but a swift revision of Blodwen, my wild, ruddy, untutored British wife!

All those gaudy butterflies of the new day, that stately home and that fair flower herself, shrank into nothing; and as the white lightning leaps through the dull void of midnight, and shows for one dazzling second some long-remembered country, ashine in every leaf and detail, to the startled pilgrim, and then is gone with all the ghostly mirage of its passage, so in that surprising moment, so full of import, Blodwen rose to my mind against all reason and likelihood—Blodwen the Briton, the ruddy-haired—Blodwen radiant with her gentle motherhood—Blodwen who could scream so fiercely to her clansmen in the forefront of conflict, and drive her bloody chariot through the red mud of battle with wounded foemen writhing under her remorseless wheels more blithely than a latter-day maid would trip through the spangled meadow grass of springtime—Blodwen rose before me!

Oh! 'twas wild, 'twas foolish, past explaining, nonsense: and, angry with myself and that white maid who stood and hung her head before me, I stroked my hand across my face to rid me of the fancy, and, gathering myself together, made my bow, murmuring something fiercely civil, and turned my back upon her to seek another group.

Yes; but if you think I conquered that fancy, you are wrong. For days and days it haunted me, even though I laughed it to scorn, and, what made the matter more difficult, more perplexing, was that I had not guessed in error—the unhappy Isobel had loved me from first sight, and, against every precedent her nature would have warranted, grew daily deeper in the toils. And I, who never yet had turned from the eyes of suppliant maid, watched her colour shift and fly as I came or went, and strode gloomy, unmindful through all her pretty artifices of maiden tenderness, burning the meanwhile with love for her disdainful sister. It was a strange medley, and in one phase or another pursued me all the time I was in that noble keep. When I was not wooing I was being wooed. Alas! and all the coldness I got from that black-browed lady with the goddess carriage and the faultless skin I passed on to the poor, enamoured girl who dogged my idle footsteps for a word.

Thus, on one day we had a tournament. All round the great castle, under the oaks, were pitched the tents of the troopers, while the pennons and bannerets of knights and barons, as we saw them from the turret top, shone in the sunlight like a field of flowers. The soldier-yemen had their sports and contests on the greensward, and we went down to watch them. Thor! but I never saw such bronzed and stalwart fellows, or witnessed anything like the truth and直ness of those stinging flights of shafts the archers sent against their butts! Then the next day, following the sports of the common people, in the tilt-yard inside the barbican, we held a tourney, a mock battle and a breaking of spears, a very gorgeous show indeed, and near as exciting as an honest mêlée itself.

So tuneful in my ears proved the shivering of lances and the clatter of swords on the steel panoply of the knights, that, though at first I held aloof, stern and gloomy with my futile passion, yet presently I itched to take a spear, and, since those sparkling riders liked the fun so much, to let them try whether my right hand had lost the cunning it learnt before their fathers were conceived. And as I thought so, standing among the chief ones in that brilliant tourney ring, up came the white rose and tempted me to break a lance, and sighed so softly and brushed against me with her scented draperies, and tried with feeble self-command to meet my eyes and could not, and was so obviously wishful that I should ride a course or two, and so prettily in love, that I was near relenting of my coldness.

I did unbend so much as to consent to mount. A page fetched my armour and my mighty black charger draped in crimson-blazoned velvet and ribboned from head to tail, and then I went to the rear of the lists and put on the steel.

"Thanks, good squire!" I said to the youth who thrust my pointed toes into the stirrups when I was on my horse. "Now give me up my gauntlets and post me in my principles."

"Fie, Sir, not to know," quoth he, "the worship of weapons and the honour of fair ladies!"

"Thanks. That is not difficult to remember; and as to my practice?"

"Ah! there you confuse him," put in a jester standing by. "No good knight likes to be bound too closely as to that."

As I rode round the lists, a white hand from under the sister's dais—to whom belonging I well could guess—threw me a flower, the which fell under my sleek charger's hoofs and was stamped into the trodden mould. And then the trumpet sounded. "Avant!" called the glittering marshal—and we met in mid career.

Seven strong knights did I jerk from their high-peaked saddles that morning, and won a lady's golden head-ring, and rode round about the circus with it on my lance-point. When

I came under where Isobel sat, I saw her fair cheeks redder than my ribbons with maiden expectation; but, as I passed without a sign, they grew whiter than her lawn. And then I reined up and deposited that circlet at the footstool of her sister. The proud, cold maid accepted the homage as was her duty, but scarcely deigned to lower her eyes to the level of my helmet-plumes while her father put it on her forehead.

A merry time we had in that courtly place waiting for the signal to start; and much did I learn and note—soon the favourite gallant in that goodly company, the acknowledged strongest spearman in the lists, the best teller of strange stories by an evening fire! But never an inch of way could I make with the impenetrable girl on whom my wayward heart was set, while the other—the younger—made her sweet self the pointing stock of high and low, she was so blindly, so obviously in love.

One day it came to a climax. We met by chance in a glade of black shadows among the cedar branches. I and that damsel in white, and, finding I would not woo her, she set to work and wooed me—so sweet, so strong, so passionate, that to this day I cannot think how I withstood it. Yes, and that fair, slim maid, renowned through all the district for her gentle reticence, when I would not answer love with love, and glance for glance, fired up with white-hot passion, threw hesitance to the wind, and besought and knelt to me, and asked no more than to be my slave, so sweet, so reckless in her passion, that it was not the high-born English lady who knelt there, but rather it seemed to me my dear, fiery, untutored British Princess! Fool I was not to see it then, witness after so much not to guess the tameless spirit, the intruder soul that poor girl at my feet held unwitting in her bosom!

She came to me, as I have said, all in a gust of feeling unlike herself, and, when I would not say that which she longed to hear, she wrung her hands, and then down she came upon her knees and clapped me round my jewelled belt and confessed her love for me in such a headlong rush of tearful eloquence I durst not write it.

"Lady," I said, lifting the supple girl to her feet, "I grieve, but it is useless. Forget! forgive! I cannot answer as you would."

"Ah, but," she answered, rushing again to the onset, sighing as now the hot, strange love that burnt within her and now her sweet native spirit strove for mastery—"surely, I think, I am possessed), I will not take 'No' for an answer. I am consumed (oh! fie to say it) for thee. I am not first in thy dear affection—why, then, I will be second. Not second! then I will be the hundredth from thy heart! My light, my life and fate, I cannot live without thee. Oh! as you were born by your mother's consummated love, as thou hast ever felt compunction for a white-cheeked maid, have pity on me! I tell thee I will follow thee to the ends of the earth (Lord! how my tongue runs on!) For one moiety of that affection perhaps a happier woman has I will serve thee through life. Thou hast no wife, 'tis said, to hinder; thou art a soldier, and a score of them, ere I was touched with this strange infection, have sued hopeless for but a chance of that which is proffered thee so freely. Truth! they have told me I was fair, and tall, with a complexion that ridiculed the water-lilies on the moat, and hair, one said, was like ripe corn with a harvest sun upon it (it makes me blush)—I heard her whisper to herself—"to apprise myself like this), and yet you stand averse and sullen, with eyes turned from me, and deaf ears! Am I a sight so dreadful to you?"

"Maid!" I cried, shutting out her suppliant beauty from my heart—overfull, as I thought it, of that other one, her sister—"no man could look upon you and not be moved. The wayward Immortals have given you more sweetness than near any other woman I ever saw—'a sight so dreadful to me'—why, you are fairer than an early morning in May when the new sun gets up over the wet-flowered hawthorns! And for this very reason, for pity on us both, stand up, and dry your tears! Believe me, dear maid, where I go you cannot come. You tread the rough soldier's path! Why, those pretty velvet buskins would wear out i' the first march. And turn those dainty hands to the rough craft of war, to scouring harness and grooming chargers—oh! that were miserable indeed; those cherry lips are worse suited than you know for the chance fare of camp and watchfire, and these round arms would soon find a sword was heavier than a bodkin—there, again forget, forgive—and, perhaps, when I come back!"

But why should I further fol'ow that sad love-scene under the broad-spreading cedars? Let it be sufficient for you that I soothed her as well as might be, and stanched her tears, and modified my coldness, taking her pretty hands and whispering to as dainty and greedy an ear as ever was opened to hear, perhaps, a little more of lover friendliness than I truly meant, and so we parted.

Now see the shield turned. That very afternoon did the other sister unbend a point with cruel suavity, and set me joyous by promising to meet me at nightfall, whereat, as you will readily understand, every other event of the day faded into nothingness. At the appointed hour, just as the white mist floated in thin fine wisps from the shadowed moat on the eastward of the castle wall, and the red setting sun was throwing the strong black shadows of cedar branches upon the copper-gleaming windows and walls of the side that faced him, I rose, and, making some jesting excuse, slipped away from my noisy comrades in the hall into the shadows of the corridors. Yes! and, though you may smile, he who thought this Phœnician had plumbed the well of mortal love to the very depth, had learnt all there was to learn, and left nothing that could stir him so much as a heart-beat in this fair field of adventure, was now tripping through the ruddy and black dusk, anxious and alert, his pulses beating a quicker measure than his feet, the native boldness of his nature all overlaid with new-born diffidence, fingering his silken points as he went, and conning pretty speeches, now hoping in his lover's hesitance the tryst would not be kept, and then anon spurning himself for being so laggard and faint-hearted, and thus progressing in moods and minds as many as the gentle shadows checkering his path from many an oriel window and many a fluted casement, he came at length within sight of the deep-set window looking down over the pale-shining water and the heavy woods beyond, where his own love-tale was to be told.

And there, as I plucked back the last tapestry that barred my passage and stood still for a moment on the threshold—there before me, sitting on the tressels under the mullions, in the twilight, was the figure of my fair and haughty English girl.

She had her face turned away from the evening glow, her ample white cap, peaked and laced with gold on either crescent point, further threw into shadow the features I knew so well, while the fine shapely hands lay hidden in the folds of the ample dress which shone and glimmered in the dusk against the oak panelings of that ancient lobby in misty uncertainty. Gentle dame! My heart bounded with expectant triumph to see how pensive and downcast was her look—how still she sat, and how, methought, the white linen and the golden ceinture above her heart rose and fell even in that silent place with the tumult of maidenly passion within. My heart

opened to her, I say, as though I were an enamoured shepherd about to pour a brand-new virgin love into the frightened ears of some timid country maid, and within my veins, as the heavy arras fell from my hands behind me, there surged up the molten stream of Eastern love! I waited neither to see nor hear else, but strode swiftly over the floor and cast myself down there at her feet upon one knee—gods! how it makes me smart to think of it!—I who had never bent a knee before in supplication to earth or heaven, and poured out before her the offering of my passion. Hot and swiftly I wooed her, saying I scarce know what, loosening my heart before that silent shrine, laying bare the keen strong throb of life and yearning that pulsed within me, persuading, entreating, cajoling, until both breath and fancy failed. And never under all that stream of love had the damsel given one sign, one single indication of existence.

Then on I went again, deeming the maid held herself not yet wooed enough, disporting myself before her, and pleading the simplicity of my love, saying how that, if it brought no great riches with it, yet was it the treasure of a truthful heart. Did she sigh to widen her father's broad lands? I swore by Osiris I would do it for her love better than any petty lordly could. Did she desire to shine, honoured above all women, where spears were broken or feasts were spread? Think of yon littered lists, I cried, and told her there was not a champion in all the world I feared—none who should not come humbled to her footstool; while, as for honour and recognition—Jove! I would pluck them from the King himself, even as I had plucked them from his betters. Yet never a sign that fair girl gave.

Full of wonder and surprise, I waited for a moment for some sign or show, if not of answering fire, at least of reason; and then, as I checked in full course my passionate pleadings, that wretched thing before me burst, not into the tears I expected of maidenly capitulation, nor into the proud anger of offended virgins, but into a silly, plebeian simper, which began in ludicrous smothered merriment under the folds of the lawn she held across her face, and ended, amid what appeared contending feelings, in a rustic outburst of sobs and exclamations.

I was on my feet in an instant, all my wild love-making damned back upon my heart by suspicion and surprise, and as I frowned fiercely at that dim-seen form under the distorting shadow of the windows, it rose—to nothing like Alianora's height—and stepped out where the evening light better illuminated us. And there that poor traitress tore off in anger and remorse the lace and linen of a well-born English maiden, and stood revealed before me the humblest, the meanest-seeming, and the most despised kitchen wench of any that scryed in that baronial hall!

You will guess what my feelings were as this indignity I had been put to rushed upon me, how in my wounded pride I crossed my arms savagely upon my breast, and turned away from that poor, simpering, rustic fool, and clenched my teeth, and swore fierce oaths against that cruel girl who, in her pride and insolence, had played me this sorry trick. Wild and bitter were the gusts of passion that swept through my heart, and all the more unruly since it was by and for a woman I had fallen, and there was none for me to take vengeance on.

In a few minutes I turned to the wretched tool of a vixen mistress. "Hast any explanation of this?" I sternly asked, pointing to the disordered finery that lay glimmering upon the floor.

The unhappy kitchenmaid nodded behind her tears and the thick red hands wherewith she was streaking two wet, round cheeks with alternate hues of grief and dinginess, and put a hand into her bosom and handed me a folded missive. I tore it open and read, in prettily scrawled old Norman French, that cruel message:

This is to tell that nameless knight who has nothing to distinguish him but presumption, that although the daughter of an English peer must ever treat his suit with the contempt it deserves, yet will she go so far as to select him from among her father's vassals one to whom she thinks he might very fitly unburden his soul of its load of 'love and fealty.'

Such was the missive, one surely penned by as ungentle a hand as ever ministered to a woman's heart. I tore it into a hundred fragments, and then grimly pointed my truncheon to the narrow wicket in the remote wall leading down by a hundred stony stairs to the scullion places whence she had come. She turned and went a little way towards it, then came sobbing back, and burst out into grief anew, and "Alas! alas! Sir," she cried, "this is the very worst task that ever I was put to! Shame upon Lady Alianora, and double shame upon me for doing her b�ests. I am sorry, Sir! indeed I am! Until you began that wonderful tale I thought 'twas but a merry game; but, oh, Sir! to see you there upon your knee, to see your eyes burning in the dark with true love for my false mistress—why, Sir, it would have drawn tears from the hardest stone in the mill down yonder. And ever as your talk went on just now, I kept saying to myself, Sure! but it must be a big heart which works a tongue like that; and when you had done, Sir, ah! before you were halfway through, though I could not stop you, yet I loathed my errand. I am sorry, Sir, indeed I am! I cannot go until I be forgiven!"

"There, there, silly girl," I said, my wrath quenched by her red eyes and humble amendment, "you are fully atsolved."

She kissed my hands and dried her eyes, and swept together, with woman's swiftness, the tattered things in which she had masqueraded, and then, as she was about to leave, I called her back.

"Stay one moment, damsel! How much had you for thus betraying me?"

"Two sequins, Sir," she answered with simplicity. "Why, then, here's three others to say naught about this evening's doings in the servants' hall. You understand? There, go! and no more tears or thanks," and, as the curtain fell upon her, I could not help muttering to myself, "What! two sequins to undo you, Phra, and three to mend it? Why, Phœnician, thou hast not been so cheap for thirteen hundred years!"

CHAPTER XII.

Grim and angry, all that night I chewed the bitter cud of my rejection, and before the new day was an hour old determined life was no longer worth the living in that place. I determined to leave those walls at once, to leave all my songs unsung, my trysts unkept, to leave all my jolly comrades, the tilt-yards and banquets. But I could not do this so secret as I would. The very paying off of my score down in the buttery, the dismissing of my attendants, each with largess, the seriousness I could not but give to my morning salutation of some of those I should never see again, betrayed me. And thus a whisper, first down in the vaulted guard-room, and then a rumour, and anon a widening murmur, the news was spread, until surely the very jackdaws on the battlements were saying to themselves, "Phra is going! Phra is going!"

Yes! and the tidings spread to that fair floor of a hundred corridors, where the Norman-arched windows looked down

four score feet upon the river winding amid its shining morning meadows, bringing a sigh to more than one silken pillow. It reached the unhappy, red-eyed Isobel, and presently she tripped down the twining stone staircase, the loose folds of her skirt thrown over her arm to free her pretty feet, and in her hand a scrap of writing, a "cartel" she called it, seeming newly opened.

She came to the sunny empty corridor where I stood alone, and touched me on the arm as I watched from a lattice my charger being armed and saddled in the courtyard underneath, and when I turned held out her hand to me in frank and simple fashion. How could I refuse the proffer of so fair a friendship? and, pulling my velvet cap from my head, I put her white fingers to my lips. And was it true, she asked with a sigh, I was really going that morning, and so suddenly? Only too true, I answered, and, saving her presence, not so sudden as my inclination prompted. Much I saw she wished to question the why and wherefore, but of this, as of nothing touching her stern sister, would I tell her.

So presently she came to her point, and, fingering that scroll she had, very downcast and blushing, said, "You are a good knight, Sir Stranger, and strong and experienced in arms."

"Your Ladyship's description wakes my ambition to deserve your words."

"And generous, I have noticed, and as indulgent to page and squire of tender years as you are the contrary to stronger folk."

"And if this were so, Madam," I asked, "what then?"

"Oh! only," she said, wondrous shy and frightened, "that I have here a cartel from a friend of mine, a youth of noble family, who has heard of thee, and would go to the wars in your company—as your comrade, I mean: that is, if you would take him."

"Why, damsel, the wars are free to everyone; but I am in no mood just now to tutor a young gallant in slitting Frenchmen's throats!"

"But this one, Sir, very particularly wishes to travel with you, of whose prowess he is so convinced. He has, alas! quarrelled with those at whose side he should most naturally ride—he will be no trouble; for my sake you must take him. And," said the cunning girl, standing on tiptoe to be the nearer to my ear, "he is rich, though friendless by a rash love—he will gladly see to both your horses and disburse your passage over to France, even for the honour of remembering that he did it."

Now, this touched me very nearly. One by one my rings had gone, and that morning, after paying scores and largess, in truth I had found my wallet completely empty once again! If this youth had money, even though it were but sufficient to buy corn for our chargers on the way, and pay the ferry over to yonder fair field of adventure, why, there was no denying he would be a very convenient travelling companion, and it would go hard but that I could teach him something in return. Thinking this, I lifted my eyes, and found those of Isobel watching the workings of my face with pretty cunning.

"In truth, maid, if thy friend has so much gold as would safely land us with King Edward in Flanders, why, I must confess that just at present that does greatly commend him to me. What sort of a man is he?"

This question seemed to overwhelm the lady, who blushed and hung her head like a poppy that has stood a week's drought.

"In truth, Sir," she murmured, "I do not know."

"Not know! Why, but you said he was your friend!"

"Oh! so I did. And, now I come to think of it, he is a tall youth—about my size and make."

"Gads! but he will be a shapely, if somewhat sapling gallant," I laughed, letting my eye roam over the supple maiden figure before me.

"But though he be so slim," the girl hastened to add, as if she feared she had been indiscreet, "you will find the youth a rare good horseman, and clever in many things. He can cook (if thou art ever belated) like a Frenchman, and can read missals to thee, and write like a monk—thy comrade, Sir knight, will be one in a thousand—he can sing like a mavis on a fir-top."

"I like not these singing knights, fair maid: their verses are both too smooth for soldier ears, and too licentious for maidens!"

"Ah! but my friend," quoth Isobel, with a blush, "never sang an ungentle song in his life; you will find him a most civil, most simple-spoken companion."

"Well, then, I will have him—no doubt we shall grow as close together as boon companions should."

"Would that you might grow so close together as I could wish!" said the English girl, with a sigh I did not understand.

"And now, how am I to know this friend?" I asked, "this slim and gentle youth? What is his name, and what his face?"

"I had near forgotten that; and it was like a woman, for they say they ever keep the most important matter to the last! This boy, for good reasons that I know but may not mention, has sworn a vow, after the fashion of the chivalry he delights in, not to show his face, not to wear his honourable name, until some happier times shall come for him. He is in love—like many another—and does conceive his heart to be most desperately consumed thereby. Wherefore he has taken the name of Flamaucœur, and bears upon his shield a device to that effect. This alone will point him out to you, over and above the dropped visor, which no earthly power will make him lift until this war and quest of his be over. But you will know him, I feel in my heart, without consideration. Sir knight, you will know this youth when you meet him, something in my innermost heart does tell me, even as I should know one that I loved or that loved me behind twenty thicknesses of steel. And now, good-bye until we meet again!"

The fair maid gave me her hand as though to part, and then hesitated a moment. Presently she mustered up courage and said:—

"Thou bear'st me no ill-will for yonder wild meeting of ours?"

"Maiden, it is forgotten!"

"Well, let it be so. I do not know what possessed me. I was hurried down the stream of feeling like a leaf on a tide. 'Twas I that met thee there by the cedars, and yet it was not me. Something so wild and fierce, such a hot intruder spirit burnt within this poor circumference, that I think I was dismame and bewitched. Thou dost most clearly understand that this hot fit is over now."

"I clearly understand!"

"And that I love thee no longer," quoth the lady, with a sigh, "or, at least, not near so much?"

"Madam, so I conceive it: Be at ease: it is sacred between us two, and I will forget."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, even for the relief that cold forgetfulness does give me. And now again, Good-bye. Be gentle to Flamaucœur, and—," burst out the poor girl, as her control forsook her—"if there is an eye in the whole of wide heaven, oh, may it watch thee! if ever prayers of mine

can pierce to the seat of the Eternal, oh, may they profit thee! Gods! that my wishes were iron bars for thy dear body, and my salt tears could but rivet them! Good bye! good bye!" and, kissing my hands in a fierce outburst of weeping, that fair white girl turned and fled, and disappeared through the tapestries that screened the Norman archways.

Before nightfall I was down by the English coast and many a long league from the castle. Thoughtful and alone, my partings made, I had paced out from its gloomy archway, the gay feathers on my helmet-top near brushing the iron teeth of the portcullis lowering above, and my charger's hoofs falling as hollow on the echoing drawbridge as my heart beat empty to the sounds of happy life behind me. Away south went the pathway, trodden day after day by contingents of gallant troops from that knightly stronghold. Jove! one might have followed it at midnight: those jolly bands had made a trail through copse and green wood, through hamlet and through heather, like the track of a storm-wind. They had beaten down grass and herbage, they had robbed orchards and spinneys, and here their wayside firs were still a smouldering, and there waved rags upon the bushes, and broken shreds and baggage. Now and then, as I paced along, I saw in the hamlets the folk still looking southward, and standing gossiping on the week's wonders, the boys meanwhile careering in mock onset with broken spear-shafts or discarded trappings. Oh! 'twas easy enough to know which way my friends had gone!

So plain was the track, and so well did my good horse acknowledge it, that there was little for me to do but sit and chew the bitter cud of fancy. All through the hot afternoon, all through the bright sunshine and shining green bracken, did we saunter, back towards the grey sea I knew so well, back towards that void beginning of my wanderings, and as my sad thoughts turned to when I last had sat a charger in such woods as these, to my fair Saxon homestead, Editha, the abbey and its Abbot, my donning English mail and breaking spears for a smile from yon cold Peccress, with much more of like nature, went idly flitting through my head. But hardly a thought among all that motley crowd was there for Isobel or her tears, and my promised meeting with her playmate.

Thus it happened that as evening fell and found me still some two miles from where our troops lay camped along the shore, waiting to-morrow's ferrying across to France, I rode down the steep bank of a small river to a ford, and slowly waded through. There be episodes of action that live in our minds, and incidents of repose that recur with no less force. So, then—that placid evening stream has come before me again and again—in the hot tumult of onset and mêlée, in court and camp, in the cold of winter and in summer's warmth, I have ridden that ford once more. I have gone down sad and thoughtful as I did, my loose reins on my charger's arching neck, watching the purple shine of the water where it fretted and broke in the evening light against his fetlocks; again and again I have listened to the soft lisp of the stream as he drank of that limpid trough, and I have seen in its cool fresh mirror my own tall image, my waving crimson plumes, and the one white star of the evening above, reflected upon it. And yet, if these things of a remote yesterday are fresh in my mind, even more so is my meeting with the slim gallant whose figure rose before me as I emerged from the ford.

As my good English charger bore me up from the hollow, on the brow of the opposite rise was a mounted figure standing out clear and motionless against the yellow glow of the sunset. At first I thought it would be some wandering spearman bound on a like errand with myself, for more than one or two such had passed that day. But something in the steadfast interest of that silent horseman roused my curiosity even before I was near enough to see the colour of his armour or the device upon his shield. Up we scrambled up that sandy heathery scar, the strong sinews of my war-horse playing like steel cordage under my thighs as he lifted me and my armour up the gravelly path, and then, as we topped the rise and came into the evening breeze, that strange warrior advanced and held out a hand.

Never in all my experience had I known a knight extend the palm of friendship to another so demure and downcast. "Truth!" I thought to myself, "this friend of Isobel's is, in fact, as she said, the most modest-mannered soldier who ever took a place in the rough game of war!" But I was pledged to like him, and therefore, in the most hearty manner possible, as we came up knee to knee I slapped my heavy hand into his extended fingers and welcomed him loudly as a long-looked-for comrade. And in truth he was a very pretty fellow, whose gentle presence grew upon me after that first meeting each hour we lived together. He seemed, as far as I could judge, no more than five-and-twenty years of age, yet even that was but a guess, for his armour was complete from top to toe, his visor was down, and there was, indeed, naught to judge by but a certain slightness of limb and suppleness that spoke of no more mature years. In height this gallant was very passable enough, and his helmet, with its nodding plumes, added some grace and inches to his stature, while his pale-grey mail was beautifully fashioned and moulded, and spoke through every close joint and cunning finished link of a young but well-proportioned soldier.

The arms this warrior carried were better suited to his strength than to that of the man who rode beside him. His lance was long and of polished inlay, while mine beside it was like the spear of Goliath to a fisher's hazel wand. His dagger was better for cutting the love-knot on a budget of sonnets than for disburdening foemen's spirits of their mortal shackles. His cross-hilted sword was so light it made me sigh to look at it. On his shield was a heart wrapped in flames, most cunningly painted, and expressive enough in those days, when every man took a pride in being as vulnerable to women as he was unapproachable among men.

But who am I that I should judge that gentle knight by myself—by me, whose sinews countless fights have but matured, who have been blessed by the gods with bulk and strength above other mortals? Why should I measure his brand-new lance, gleaming in the pride of virgin polish, against the stern long spear I carried; or that dainty brand of his, that mayhap his tender maid had belted on him for the first time some hours before, with such a broad blade as long use had made lighter to my hand than a lady's distaff?

Before we had paced a mile, Flamaucœur had proved himself the sprightliest companion who ever enlivened a dull road with wit and laughter. At first 'twas I that spoke, for he had not one word in all the world to say—he was so shy. But when I twitted him for this, and laughed, and asked him of his lady-love, and how she had stood the parting—how many tears there had been, and whether they all were hers; and whose heart was that upon his shield, his own or the damsel's; and so on, in bantering playfulness, I got down to the metal of that silent boy. He winced beneath my laughter for a little time, and fidgeted upon his saddle, and then the gentle blood in his veins answered, as I hoped it would, and he turned and gave me better than I offered. Such a pretty fellow in wordy fence as he was!

"I clearly understand!"

"And that I love thee no longer," quoth the lady, with a sigh, "or, at least, not near so much?"

"Madam, so I conceive it: Be at ease: it is sacred between us two, and I will forget."

"Thanks! a thousand thanks, even for the relief that cold forgetfulness does give me. And now again, Good-bye. Be gentle to Flamaucœur, and—," burst out the poor girl, as her control forsook her—"if there is an eye in the whole of wide heaven, oh, may it watch thee! if ever prayers of mine

inquiry regarding that which he did not wish to tell, he turned questioner with swift adroitness, and made—quicker than it takes to write—his inquisitor the humble answerer to his playful malice. He was better at that fence than I, there could be no doubt, and very speedily his nimble tongue, which sounded so strange and pleasant in the hollow of his helmet, had completely mastered mine. So, with a laugh, I did acknowledge to the conquest.

Whereon that generous youth was pleased, I saw, and laid aside his coyness, and chattered like a mill-stream among the gravels on an idle Sunday. He turned out both shrewd and witty, with a head stuffed full of romance and legend, just such as one might have who had spent a young life listening to troubadours and minstrels. And I liked him none the less because he trimmed the gross fables of that time to such a decent shape. He told me one or two that I had heard before, although he knew it not. And as I had heard them from the licentious lips of courtly minstrels they are not fit to write or tell, but my worthy wayfarer clipped and purged them so adroitly, and turned them out so fair and seemly, all with such a nice unconsciousness, I scarce could recognise them. He was a most gentle-natured youth, and there was something in his presence, something in the half-frankness he put forth, and something in that there was strange about him which greatly drew me. Now you would think, to listen to him, he was all a babbling stream as shallow as could be, and then, anon, a turn of sad wisdom or a sigh set you wondering, as when that same stream runs deep into the shadows, and you hear it fret and fume with gathering strength far away in unknown depths of mother Earth. A most enticing, a most perplexing comrade.

Beguiling the way in this fashion, and liking my new ally better and better as we went, we came a little after nightfall on a wet and windy evening to the hamlet near the sea where the rearguard of the English troops were collected for ferrying over to France. Here we halted and sought food and shelter, but neither were to be had for the asking. That little street of English dwellings was crowded with hungry troopers. They were camping by their gleaming watch-fires all along the grassy ways, so full was every lodgment, while every yellow window of the dim gabled alehouse in the midst shone into the wet, dark night, and every room within was replete with stamping, clanking, noisy gallants. Their chargers filled the yard and were picketed a furlong down the muddy road, that sloped to the murmuring unseen sea, and there was not space, it seemed, for one single other horse or rider in the whole friendly village.

But the insidious Flamaucœur found a way and place. He sought out the master of the inn himself, and, unheeding of his curt refusals, made request so cunning and used his money-pouch so liberal that that strong and surly yeoman, with much to-do, found us a loft to sleep in, which was a bedroom better than the wayside, though still but a rough one. Then Flamaucœur waylaid the buxom, hurrying housewife, and, on an evening when many a good gentleman was going supperless to bed, got us a loaf of white bread and a wooden bowl of milk, the which we presently shared most comrade-like, my friend lifting his visor so much as might suffice to eat, but yet not enough to show his face. He waylaid a lad, and, for a coin or two and a little of his sweet-voiced cajoling, got our steeds watered and sheltered, though many another lordly, sleek-limbed beast stood all night unwashed, unmindful. A most persuasive youth was Flamaucœur!

And then, our frugal supper made and our horses seen to, we went to bed. Diffident, ingenuous young knight! He made my couch (while I was not by) long and narrow—no bigger than for one—of all the soft things he could lay his hand on—as though, forsooth, I were some tender flower—and for himself hardly spread a horsecloak on the bare floor!

Now, when I came up and found this done, without a word I sent the boy to go and see what the night was like, and if the moon yet shone, or if it rained, and, when he went forthwith, pulled that couch to bits, respadding it so it was broad enough for two good comrades side by side. Ah! And when Flamaucœur came back, I rated him soundly, telling him that, though it was set in the laws of arms that a young knight should show due deference to an older, yet all that comrades had of hard or soft was equally dividable, both board and bed, and good-luck and misfortune. And he was amenable, though still a little strange, and unbuckled his armour by our dim rushlight, and then—poor, tired youth!—with that iron mask upon his head, in his quilted underwear, threw himself upon the couch, and slept almost before he could straighten out those shapely limbs of his.

And I presently lay down by his side and slept, while all through my dreams went surging the wildest fancies of tilt and tourney and lady's love. And now I heard in the up roar of the restless village street and the neighing of the chargers at their pickets the noise of battle and of onset. And then I thought I had, on some unknown field, five thousand spear-men overthrown against an hundred times as many; and while my heart bounded proudly in answer to that disadvantage, and I rode up and down our glittering ranks speaking words of strength and courage to those scanty heroes, waving my shining sword in the sun that shone for victory on us and curbing my fretting charger's restless valour, methought, somehow, the words dried up upon my lips, and the proud murmur of my firm-set veterans turned to a low moaning wail, and a grey mist of tears put out the sun, and black grief drank up the warriors; and while I wrestled with that melancholy, Blodwen, my Princess, was sitting by my side, cooling my hot forehead with her calm immortal hand, and calling me, with smiling accent, "dull, unwifful, easily beguiled," and all the time that young gallant by me lay limp, supine, asleep, and soulless.

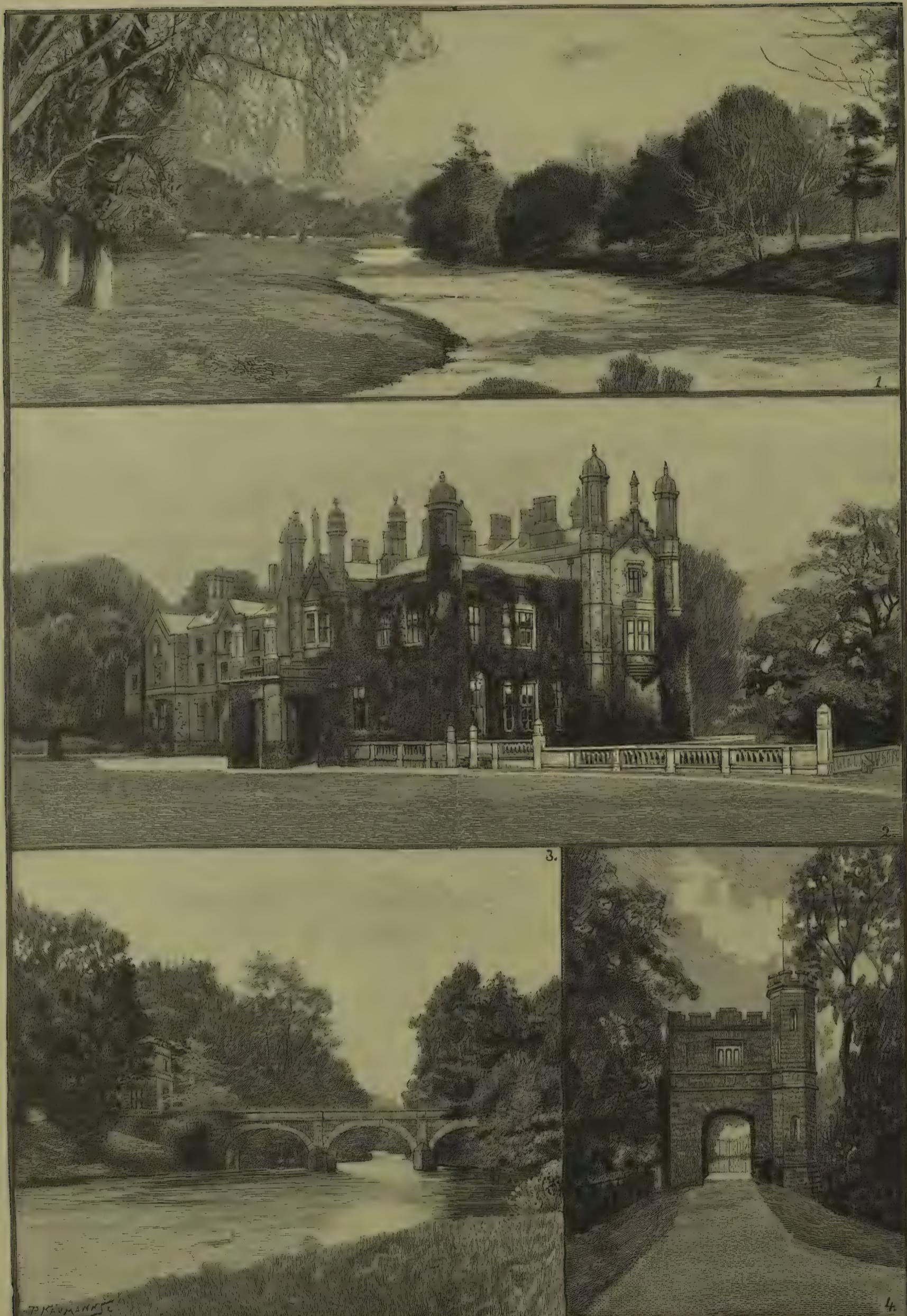
So passed the chequered fancies of the night, and the earliest dawn found us up, in arms, and ready for sterner things.

Again I had to owe to Flamaucœur's ready wit and liberal purse precedence for our needs above all the requirements of the many good knights who would have crossed with the haste they could, but had, perforce, to wait. It was he who got us a vessel sufficient for our needs when the fisher folk were swearing there was not a ship to be hired for twenty miles up or down the coast. In this we embarked with our horses, and one or two other gentlemen we knew, and in a few hours' sailing the English shore went down and the sunny cliffs of Normandy rose ahead of us.

Will you doubt but that I stood thoughtful and silent as the green and silver waves were shivered by our dancing prow, and that strange, familiar land rose up before us? I, that British I, who had seen César's galleys, heavy with Umbrian and Etrurian, put out from that very shore: I, who had stood on the green cliffs of Harold's kingdom and shaken a Saxon javelin towards that home of Norman tyranny: I, this knightly, steel-bound I, stood and watched that country grow upon us, with thoughts locked in my heart there were none to listen to and none to share.

Oh! it was passing strange, and I did not rouse me until our iron keel went gently grinding up the Norman gravel, and our vessel was beached upon the hostile shore.

(To be continued.)



1. The Usk, from Glanusk Bridge.

2. Glanusk House, South Side.

3. Glanusk Bridge and River Usk.

4. Tower Lodge.

VIEWS OF GLANUSK PARK, NEAR CRICKHOWELL, BRECKNOCKSHIRE, VISITED BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.



"PASSENGERS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

BY A. FORESTIER.

GLANUSK AND BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

The visit of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, on Monday, Sept. 15, to Glanusk Park, the seat of Sir Joseph Russell Bailey, Bart., M.P., Lord Lieutenant of Brecknockshire, gives some additional interest to our Views of that beautiful place, which are from photographs by Mr. T. J. Allen, of Crickhowell. Glanusk is nearly two miles from that town, and eight miles from Abergavenny, on the south bank of the Usk, one of the most beautiful rivers in South Wales, overlooked by the Sugarloaf, the Skirrid Vawr, and other high mountains; Brecon, or Brecknock, the county town, a place notable in Welsh Border history, is some twelve or fourteen miles higher up the same river. The mansion, erected by the late Sir Joseph Bailey, is a handsome Elizabethan building, and the park, entered by a gate with a castellated lodge, presents delightful scenery; the river is here crossed by a bridge of three arches, from which the lawns and groves of trees on its banks are seen with enchanting effect. Pennymaeth Church, also erected by Sir Joseph Bailey, and containing the family mausoleum, is an ornament to this view.

Crickhowell, a name derived from "Cerrig Howell," the ancient Welsh camp or fortress on the Table Mountain, ascribed to Howell ap Rhys, Prince of Gwent, is a small town, beautifully situated, and with interesting remains of antiquity, including the ivy-clad ruins of a Norman castle. This town was also long celebrated for its flannel-manufacture, and seems to be flourishing at present, as the Duke of Clarence was invited to lay the foundations of a new Townhall.

The situation of Brecknock, the prosperous county town, visited by his Royal Highness on the 16th, is also very agreeable, being surrounded by meadow lands and fine woods and by the range of purply tinted beacons; the grey houses of the old town, with its irregular roofs and ivied towers, extend along the banks of the rivers Usk and Honddu, from which latter the place derives its Welsh name—Aber Honddu. This town possesses a handsome Guildhall and county hall, and a noted boys' college. On market days its wide, well-kept streets are thronged with the country people, farmers' wives riding in on their stout mountain ponies with baskets of butter and eggs; and the market-place echoes with the high-pitched energetic Welsh voices, while women hurry to and fro in short woollen skirts, bright aprons, and "turnover shawls," with now and again the typical Welsh hat, or the cockleshell Glamorganshire bonnet of the fruit-seller. The neighbourhood abounds in great natural beauties, its salmon and trout fishing is excellent, and of late years the Midland, Cambrian, and Brecon and Merthyr railways make the town accessible from all parts of the kingdom.

It will not be the first time for Royalty to pace the old town of Bernard de Newmarch. Up the steep quaint stone stairway of King-street Charles I. fled before his Roundhead pursuers. In 1821 the gentlemen of Brecknock rode out to escort King William IV. into the town, and, a few years later, Queen Adelaide stopped a night at the Priory House, whose grounds adjoin the Priory Church of St. John, founded by Bernard de Newmarch in 1690.

The Priory Groves at Brecknock are unrivalled for their picturesque situation. In their wooded solitudes, unbroken save by the voices of the wild birds, paced the brown-cowled Benedictine monks, or threw a rod into the river gurgling below. Here also the poet Vaughan wandered with his "faire Amoret." On the right bank of the Honddu, the ruined castle looks grimly down upon the town, with its ivied Ely Tower, where Morton, Bishop of Ely, was confined in Richard the Third's reign. The castle was demolished during the Civil wars, and of the walls which surrounded the town, with their entrance gates, only a faint trace remains.

NOVELS.

The Riddle of Lawrence Haviland. By Constance Smith. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—An original theme, in which the question of mutual confidence between engaged lovers, who become husband and wife, is treated with pathetic interest, gives some weight to this rather powerful story. It is manifestly inspired by a moral sentiment, and the character of Hilda Treherne, afterwards Mrs. Lawrence Haviland, is one of singular dignity and purity, and of true womanly affection. The situation in which she is involved by what seems to us a venial mistake, committed for the sake of her betrothed with the notion of sparing him an aggravated risk of disgrace from a false accusation, moves our sympathy to no slight degree. On the other hand, we do not hold with the apparent intention of the authoress to represent Lawrence Haviland as a hero of inflexible integrity and uprightness, erring only in haughty severity towards persons who have done wrong. His own conduct, impartially examined, is far more culpable in the affair of the dynamite conspiracy prosecution, than Hilda's passive concealment of a paper accidentally in her possession. The injustice, therefore, as well as unrelenting cruelty, of his subsequent behaviour to his devoted wife must be ascribed to vicious pride and arrogant self-will, not to an exalted sense of the duty of truthfulness, in which he, with all his vaunted moral courage, had signally failed.

Lawrence Haviland, from first to last, by our practical reading of his "Riddle," must be pronounced an intolerable prig. Let credit be due to him for having, in his youth, sacrificed the favour of his wealthy relative, old Sir Matthew, and the promise of a rich estate, by his conscientious objection to keep hunters and to acquiesce in harsh dealings with poor cottagers and labourers; his other actions, either when Fellow and Tutor of a College at Cambridge, or when private secretary to the Right Hon. Stephen Eliot, M.P., or when, by Sir Matthew's forgiveness and death-bed bequest, he became an independent country Squire, do not greatly exceed the ordinary measure of virtue. They would certainly not justify him in assuming such stern airs of moral superiority to weaker persons as he constantly displays, or in trying and condemning them by a standard above his own reach. This disposition might naturally be exasperated by his unhappy family connection with an irreclaimable rascal like Alexis Ladoga, who, after being expelled from College upon the merciless Tutor's report of an offence, perhaps not sufficiently proved, in spite of Hilda's intercession, becomes his lifelong enemy, runs away with his pretty sister Kathleen, and contrives, as brother-in-law to Lawrence Haviland, to inflict many gross injuries upon him. Still, there is an unamiable kind of egotism which affects the profession of high principles in callously hurting other people's feelings; and when this is allied with a dereliction of duty, and want of candour on the most critical occasion, the inconsistency of character is fatal to an heroic attitude. Haviland falls in love with Hilda, and she with him, during their sojourn at the Italian Lakes, but suddenly quits her, without any express declaration, because he is a poor man, burdened with the care of a sister and an aunt, while he has no prospect of fortune. This may have been right; but at their next and later meetings he ought not to have grieved her by coldness and rudeness, making her think he despised her, instead of delicately revealing his position as a man who could not afford to marry. After his accession to wealth,

having first consoled her by his critical recognition of her talent as a writer of published poems, not being then aware of their authorship, he loses no time in offering her his heart and hand. It is on the platform of the Maudlin Junction railway-station—evidently Reading—that this interesting scene takes place, while she is waiting for the train to Folkestone, and he is going to London, returning from visits to country houses. The incidents and conversations are well described; and if the story ended here, in the middle of the second volume, we should have the satisfaction of leaving the engaged couple perfectly happy.

In Book IV., however, entitled "A False Step," the authoress breaks new ground with the narrative of transactions concerning a gang of dynamite conspirators, Irish or Irish Americans, Poles, Germans, and other alien desperadoes, whose proceedings are not entirely unknown to Haviland, or even to the innocent Hilda. The chief of this criminal society is Stanislaus Ladoga, a Polish cousin of Alexis; and Alexis, the profligate and needy husband of Haviland's unhappy sister, has been persuaded, being an artist of the illustrated newspapers, to furnish drawings of one of the Government offices, which is to be blown up. We remember what was actually done, five or six years ago, at the Local Government Office in Whitehall. Now Haviland, to whom the guilty promise made by Alexis to aid in this nefarious plot was received by Kathleen Ladoga, has secretly paid a large sum of money, owed by Alexis to Stanislaus, to get his brother-in-law released from the bond of conspiracy, and to recover a letter that would be evidence against Alexis. This business was managed through an emissary of Stanislaus, a German named Max Reichert, who went down to the country-house in Hillsborough (say, Wiltshire), where Haviland and Hilda Treherne, with other guests, were staying; and Hilda, meeting the stranger in the park, carrying his note to Haviland, and presently chancing to witness their interview, was partly acquainted with the affair. On the same day, when Alexis had safely got away to America, the dynamite explosion in London set the police and the Government on the alert. Max Reichert was one of those arrested, and before the magistrates pleaded an "alibi," calling as witnesses, of course, Mr. Haviland, and Miss Treherne subsequently, at the trial, to prove that he was in Hillsborough when the crime took place in London. Ought not Haviland, as an honest citizen—besides his special duty as private secretary to the Minister of State, his friend Mr. Eliot, who superintended the police investigation and the precautions against the suspected conspiracy—to have promptly disclosed all he knew about it? He refrained from doing so when called as a witness, and his answers to questions on the nature of his dealings with the two Ladogas were extremely unsatisfactory.

It was presently discovered that a paper furnished by the police, detailing the plan of the conspirators and describing them personally, had been stolen from Mr. Eliot's private cabinet, to which Haviland had access; and a terrible suspicion of Haviland as the traitor, his relationship to Alexis Ladoga being notorious, took possession of the public mind. Haviland's right course, if he had been a man of true moral courage, would have been to obey that infallibly wise maxim, "Tell the truth, and shame the Devil." Indeed, he knew nothing of the theft of the official document, and Mr. Eliot never believed he had anything to do with it, but continued him in his confidential service. How a man behaving as Lawrence Haviland did, practising an obstinate and useless concealment of important facts, during at least four months, under magisterial and judicial investigations, could afterwards give himself airs of sublime integrity, bullying, reproaching, condemning his innocent wife—Hilda having married him—for her little false step, which was comparatively trivial, it is hard to explain. All she did was this: a note from Stanislaus Ladoga, authorising Reichert to receive the money from Haviland in exchange for the papers compromising Alexis, had been inadvertently mixed with some writings given to her by Alexis; this note was missing at the trial, but Haviland told her it could do him no good and might do him some harm, so she burnt it, and said nothing about it. For this offence, confessed by her to Haviland two years afterwards, when they were happily married, and when she felt the emotion of fresh mutual tenderness after her escape from death by a railway disaster, she is punished with a cold and insolent cruelty, a peremptory denial of her rights as a loving wife, that makes the man unutterably hateful. It is not until after a year or two of hopeless misery, consoled only by her little children, Hilda, with her unnatural husband, is staying on the Welsh coast, that his exorbitant self-esteem receives a shock—fancying himself guilty of a murder by misdirecting a man on the brink of a precipice—and Hilda's compassion melts his obdurate heart. We do not feel quite sure, after all, whether this "Riddle of Lawrence Haviland" is designed for the portraiture of a noble manly character. To many simple readers, with wholesome views of human duty and responsibility, it will appear an exhibition of false pride, self-deceiving egotism, and conjugal tyranny, as repulsive as the licentious conduct of some bad husbands in domestic fiction.

Mr. Bryant's Mistake. By Katharine Wylde. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—A misdirection of literary talents, inventive fancy and ingenuity, displayed in an excessively complicated plot, and in much powerful writing of a harsh and caustic style, makes the reading of this strange story a rather painful task. Sheer distaste for repulsive distortion of reputed types of social life, and for a jangling crowd of eccentric and odious characters, thrusting each other into queerly false positions—especially for the half-insane religious fanatic, Alick Randle, and his moral opposite, the crafty, mean-souled worldly clergyman, the Rev. Edward Bryant, whose "mistake" is a long course of heartless deceit—has prevented our noticing the book until some months after its publication. The ability of its author, however, and the amount of industry bestowed on its composition, demand the usual treatment of works of this class; and we should be happy to be able to say that it is a novel likely to afford pleasure to any readers who might be guided by our recommendation.

There is a village, of course, in which most of the inhabitants are in a hideous moral condition; and of course there is a Baronet, an accomplished young gentleman, who is unmarried, and whose heart is a prize for the worthiest of his feminine neighbours. These data are ordinary requirements of current social fiction, and Sir Vincent Leicester, the resident landowner of Everwell, on the sea-coast, behaves neither dishonourably nor ungenerously in exchanging his superficial attachment to Miss Georgina Bryant for an honest love of the simple country-girl, Nannie Randle, whose parentage is a secret curiously involved in the mysteries of the past. The respective situations of the two young women, their difference of education and of disposition, are forcibly contrasted; while the relationship of each to the ambitious parish clergyman, partly known only to himself and two or three other persons of a humbler class, is the mainspring of the whole concern. Mr. Bryant, the son of a grocer in an obscure provincial town, had

been well educated, and had taken clerical orders, had early married and lost his first wife, a lady of good family, and was left with Georgina, his infant daughter. He then married Emma, the daughter of a farmer named Randle, at a place called Faverton; but this Emma was already the innocent victim of a mock marriage with a person of superior rank, calling himself Frederick Grant, who deserted her, and who was reported to have lost his life by shipwreck. She had a baby girl, supposed to be illegitimate by the invalidity of her marriage; and the clergyman, unwilling to receive the child into his own household, compelled his wife to give her up; the poor babe was placed at Faverton under the care of Sarah Randle, its mother's brother's wife, and Mrs. Bryant, a very good, true, but timid woman, has never since been permitted to speak of its existence. Sarah Randle, who had other little children, soon died of a fever, by which the children also were attacked; they were nursed by Ann Randle, the wife of another brother of Mrs. Bryant's, and the clergyman, when he came down from London to Faverton, agreed with Ann, upon the death of Sarah Randle's girl baby Nannie, to substitute Mrs. Bryant's child, known as Mary Smith, and accounted for by a false tale, for the one that died; so that Mrs. Bryant was to think her own unrecognised offspring deceased. This fraud was carried on during sixteen or seventeen years without detection; and Mr. Bryant, losing sight of all the Randles, flourishing in his profession, an eminent pulpit preacher and orthodox theologian, cultivating fashionable and aristocratic society, felt no anxiety for the consequences of what is mildly called his "Mistake."

He is represented, however, in a manner that shows great ignorance of the prevailing opinions and customs of the world among the upper classes in England, as being constantly solicitous to conceal his own modest beginnings of life, and dreadfully ashamed of his good and faithful wife—not at all a vulgar woman, modest, gentle, and amiable, but devoid of accomplishments and fashionable style. We venture to deny that any clergyman of the English Church, though he were a Dean or a Bishop, or expectant of such dignities, would lose one jot of social consideration by letting it be known that his father was a petty village tradesman or farm labourer, if he had himself received a University education, and if he were known to be a learned scholar, a diligent and efficient minister of the Church. Mr. Bryant is an able, important, distinguished member of a sacred and intellectual profession, who holds a benefice, is invited to dine with his Bishop, and is acquainted with Lords and Dukes. Nobody would care two-pence about his parentage. As for Mrs. Bryant, a clergyman's wife is not wanted to be a grand or elegant lady, but to be quiet and inoffensive, and helpful in the parish charities. The notion that so shrewd a man as Bryant could be tormented by the lack of style and fashion in a wife so obedient and affectionate, and who had more genuine natural refinement of feeling than the ladies of rank, argues a complete misapprehension of the clergyman's position, not less than his dread of its being told that he had once stood behind a shop counter in his boyhood. These motives are gratuitously invented to sustain the hateful and contemptible typical portraiture of a base clerical impostor, and to give consistency to the monstrous story of his grosser act of deception in the matter of his wife's abandoned infant. Mr. Bryant in after-times, when he goes to Everwell, and meets Ann Randle, now the widow Leach, a wretched canting drunkard, with the girl Nannie, and others of the Randle kindred, becomes a hardened liar, a cheating hypocrite, a cunning scoundrel, a despicable sneak. It is possible, of course, for a clergyman to be all that, and worse; but it would not come from his being afraid to own himself of humble birth and connections.

To pursue the intricacies of the plot, which is really not worth unravelling; to see how Mr. Bryant's duplicity is exposed, and he has to leave the parish, but rises to a Cathedral Canonry; how he gets rid of his poor wife, whose first marriage is justified, and who lives to claim the sweet maiden Nannie as her own daughter; how he is stricken with repentance, and resigns his preferment; how Sir Vincent finally marries Nannie, and they are happy, while Georgina Bryant, an impudent and artful coquette, has captured another matrimonial prize; how the frantic religious enthusiast, Alick Randle, is tried for murder, is found mad, and dies in restored sanity; and how the coarse and vulgar members of the family emigrate to Australia—to relate all these odds and ends of the long story would fill too much space. On the whole, we do not like it, but it is the production of a clever writer, whose skill might have been more agreeably employed. She has done well, indeed, in her delineation of the manly and straightforward character of Sir Vincent, a hero of constancy and generosity whom it is good to meet; and John Randle, Nannie's reputed brother, is a very fine fellow of a different class.

The President of the Board of Trade has appointed Mr. Ralph Griffin, barrister-at-law (a member of the South-Eastern Circuit), as Registrar of Designs and Trade Marks. Mr. Griffin, who was called to the Bar in 1881, is the author of several works on the Patent Law.

At Wedmore, Somersetshire, there has been unveiled in the old parish church a memorial window to King Alfred, with whose memory Wedmore and the surrounding country are intimately connected. By public subscription the old west window of the church has been replaced by a rich and handsome stained-glass memorial window in some degree connected with the Jubilee of her Majesty as well as in memory of Alfred. The centre of the window shows four full-length figures of Alfred, William I., Elizabeth, and Queen Victoria.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society have concluded the investigation of seventy-seven cases of saving life from drowning, in which eighty-four persons were saved and seven were beyond recovery when taken out of the water. In all, out of the eighty-four persons who were saved under circumstances of gallantry, ninety-nine persons were rewarded, twenty-six with medals, sixty-four with certificates recording the services done and the acknowledgments rendered, signed by the Duke of Argyll, president, and nine pecuniary rewards. On the recommendation of Lord Ripon, the medal was awarded to W. Abbot, cabdriver, for saving a child aged five years near the Chelsea Embankment, on July 19. Lord Ripon was going along the Embankment, and, observing a number of boys looking over the wall, he found that one of their number had fallen into the river. His Lordship, being unable to swim, called out for a swimmer, when the cabdriver, who was passing with his fare, jumped off his cab, sprang down the adjacent steps, plunged in, swam to the child, and saved it. The cabman then ran back to his cab and drove his fare to his destination. There was no boat near, and nothing to hold on by the wall. The bronze medal of the society has been awarded to Henry Seagull, of Strood, Rochester, and the certificate to William Henley, of the same place, for bravery. A boy four years of age fell into the river Medway a few weeks ago, and Seagull dived in from Strood Pier and succeeded in rescuing the child, although a strong tide was flowing at the time. Henley also jumped and assisted.

ALONE WITH THE STARS.

In so far as we are all susceptible of poetic emotions, it is said we are all poets, and, if there be one hour calculated more than another to call up such emotions, it is surely that in which we chance to find ourselves "alone with the stars." Dead, indeed, must be the soul and imagination of any human being who can gaze at that vast "floor of heaven," "thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," without a certain feeling of awe and wonder. The lightest-hearted, the least thoughtful natures, the most frivolous, butterfly-like, feather-headed of individuals cannot fail to be impressed and, in a fashion, sobered by the mysterious spectacle. Men of very unlikely character, no less than the profoundest thinkers, have at times been inspired and impelled to give expression to the feelings aroused within them when gazing upwards on some starlight night upon the myriad hosts of other worlds. Few truly find adequate words wherewith to give a hint of what they feel. Yet now and again eloquent passages seem to be forced from lips otherwise but little accustomed to any but the most ordinary vocabulary; and we have occasionally effusions from them which would not disgrace even poets of high pretension. Such an example was given lately by the young German Emperor. And a poetic emotion seems to have stolen over the proud Hohenzollern one night when recalling his recent travels. For thus he spoke or wrote: "Whoever alone with himself on the high seas, standing on the ship's bridge, with only God's starry heavens above him, has entered the chamber of his own heart, will not miss the value of such a voyage. I could wish that many of my countrymen should know such hours, in which a man can give account to himself of what he has won and done. Here lies a cure for over-estimates of self."

It has been well said that there is a touch of true eloquence and fine feeling in those words. One recalls Matthew Arnold's lines on "Self Dependence": "At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me forwards—fowards o'er the starlit sea."

And undoubtedly the marvellous spectacle becomes additionally impressive when beheld from some lonely deck, surrounded on all sides perhaps by thousands of miles of the trackless waste of waters. The isolation of such a standpoint under most conditions of the heavens brings home to the understanding of man his physical insignificance at least more effectually than any other position on the surface of the globe; but when to this is added a canopy through which, as it were, we can gaze into infinitude, we may well feel with Pascal, and say—"The silence of those infinite spaces, when contemplating a starlit night, terrifies me."

It is not necessary, however, that we should find ourselves at sea that we may fully receive the teaching of the stars. In fact, I am not sure that their lesson has not a greater solemnity in it when they are viewed from the land—say upon some mountain slope or amid the solitude of some wide, open moorland on an entirely windless night, for then we can appreciate, in all its terrible significance, their dread silence. We may then truly agree with Kant that there are "two things which fill us with ceaseless awe, the starry heavens and the mind of man." What the nature of that awe shall be will depend largely on the sort of belief that is in us. Should it, unhappily for ourselves, be tainted with the negative philosophy of Kant, we may, with bitter scepticism, recall Goethe's pregnant sentence as he looked upwards at the glittering orbs of night from the seclusion of a deserted churchyard, and from his words, "Stars silent above, graves silent beneath us," draw none but miserable, pessimistic conclusions. On the other hand, if we can discover in that second awe-inspiring item reverted to by Kant, "the mind of man," sufficient to reveal the instalment of a promise which only awaits our passage to the silence of the grave for its fulfilment—why, then, the silence of the stars should have no terrors for us, but merely provoke a deeper reverence for the feelings with which they fill us. We should then be able to see that we have only to have patience for the solution, for the "all-knowing" of that mystery which at present so envelops and perplexes us, and which provokes such acrimonious controversy. It is our little knowledge, our imperfect knowing which is so dangerous a thing, and which at times we so unjustly resent in our arrogance.

Step forth, then, if such roughly be your creed, into the depths of the autumn night with happy confidence. You can then gather nothing but loving hopeful promise from what meets the eye. Fear should vanish; and, if you once bring yourself to admit that you know you know nothing, your faith may then have fair play, and if, on a starry night, it lead you not into the right way, there is little hope that any aspect of nature will act towards you as a holy guide, philosopher, and friend. Whether your astronomical knowledge be large or small, or none at all, it makes little difference. You may hold, as it were, the planetary system or systems at your fingers' end, as you may be a learned geologist, botanist, what not, but at the best you will know no more of the infinite cause of it all, the "final verity," as Spencer calls it, than a little child, and that, which you have learned and verified, should only teach you to regard the sensations which a starlight night provoke as the mere premonition of the beauty, the wonder, and the glory that are to come.

"Ah, mein Werther, it is a sublimity to be alone with the stars!" as Teufelsdröckh declares and Lorenzo's assurance to his gentle Jessica on that memorable night at Belmont that "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st, But in his motion like an angel sings, Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins," may be taken to our hearts—no less than his concluding words that "Such harmony is in immortal souls; But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Yes, herein lies the secret—the mystery: it all lies in that: it is there, but "we cannot hear it." Shakespeare, who knew the mind of man through and through to the utmost limits of its capacity, understood this. His own divinely inspired mind taught him that the barrier to perfect knowledge was but "this muddy vesture of decay," and that all attempts to pass or break it down are wholly vain. Thus with his heaven-sent genius he was enabled to express the vital truth in one or two brief sentences of unsurpassable splendour of imagery and poetic grandeur, and with his accustomed conciseness and concentration of force.

The calm quiet nights of autumn usually offer more favourable conditions for contemplating the starry heavens than most others of the year. From August to November we generally get fair opportunities for wandering forth in a meditative, contemplative mood, while the meteorological displays during the nights of the latter month frequently reach their climax of beauty. Of course, if we know all about the stars, as the phrase runs, can identify and know where to look for certain planets major or minor, there is, in one sense, an increased interest in the spectacle above us, but I rather question whether such astronomical knowledge is not apt to divert our minds from the higher and more poetic phase of the outlook. The wonder, the mystery, remain, of course; but they are not forced upon our attention with the same degree of emotional feeling. The scientific side of the matter must always be a little destructive of the poetic, albeit, rightly regarded, it

should equally purify and elevate our faith. Little astonishing is it that, when that faith was less pure than it is supposed to be in the present day, it should have drifted into abject superstition, or that astrology and the like occult arts should have flourished. We can well understand how the charlatans and so-called professors of such lore influenced and swayed mankind. Nothing, perhaps, was more natural than the idea that our destinies were dependent on the conjunction of the planets at the time of our birth, and that "some consequence yet hanging in the stars" should have been susceptible of revelation to us through the medium of seers and learned men.

W. W. F.

THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS.

It has recently come out, in the revelations by M. Merleix of the intrigues and manoeuvres of the Boulanger faction, that this lady, an enthusiastic partisan of the Royalists, was persuaded or permitted to sacrifice 3,000,000 francs, or £120,000 sterling, to defray the expenses of General Boulanger and his candidates; and that his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, who did not contribute any of his own wealth to the fund, chivalrously allowed her to bear this sacrifice. The grandson of King Louis Philippe might have been expected to act in this manner, but it scarcely agrees with the traditions of French gallantry; and his conduct in soliciting Royalist subscriptions for the purpose of aiding General Boulanger to overthrow the French Republic has not at all improved his chances of ever sitting on the throne as King of France, or as "King of the



THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS.
THE FRENCH ROYALIST LADY WHO GAVE £120,000 TO AID
GENERAL BOULANGER.

French." He met General Boulanger at the Alexandra Hotel, the lady's residence in London. We are informed that the Duchess is still possessor of an immense private fortune, inherited from Madame Clicquot, the chief proprietor of the celebrated champagne business; her maiden name was Mortemart, belonging to an illustrious family of the French nobility, and she married the Duke d'Uzès. Her daughter lately married the Duke De Luynes.

The Portrait of Madame la Duchesse, who merits our respectful sympathy, is from a photograph by Benque, of Paris.

The Flying Squadron has sailed from Spithead on their two months' autumn cruise. The ships will call at Gibraltar, Algiers, Carthagena, and Mogador, returning to England in the second week of November. The Channel Squadron are under orders to assemble at Portland on Sept. 23, and to go on a cruise to North Britain, calling at Dublin, the Clyde, Liverpool, and other places, returning on Nov. 1.

The young Earl of Carnarvon performed his first public act, on Sept. 11, by opening the commodious parish-room, erected at Higheleva, near Newbury, as a memorial of the late Rev. George Raymond Portal, Canon of Winchester, who for nearly twenty years was Rector of the parish and chaplain to the late Lord Carnarvon. The building occupies a pleasant position near the church, the site having been presented by the late Earl.

In fine weather and a moderate north-west breeze, the Scotch yacht-racing season came to a successful close at Oban. There was a fleet of upwards of a hundred yachts in the bay, and included in the number were the Commodore's (Sir William Pearce) s.s. Lady Torfrida, and the Rear-Commodore's (Mr. John Clark) s.s. Mohican. The principal match was the Oban Challenge Cup, and, after a fine race, the May was victorious; but she won by only 23 sec. from Lenore, which yacht was holder. The finishes for the second and third prizes were practically as close. There were also matches for the twenty, ten, and five rating classes.

At a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, held at its house, John-street, Adelphi, recently, rewards amounting to £126 were granted to the crews of life-boats for services during August. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £3698 were ordered to be made on the 298 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £700 from Miss Pringle Kidd, to defray the cost of the Kildonan (Isle of Arran) new life-boat, which is to be named the David and Elizabeth Kidd—the Brother and Sister Life-boat; £7, collected at the Avonmouth and Sharpness Mercantile Marine Offices; £5 5s. offeratory on board H.M.S. Boadicea, per the Rev. J. M. Clarkson, R.N.; and £5 5s. from the Oddfellows of Ipswich, per William Orford White, Esq. New life-boats have been sent, during August, to Kingstown and Carnsore, Ireland. The Cahore life-boat has been altered and fitted with all modern improvements, and returned to its station. Reports were read from the chief inspector and the district inspectors of life-boats.

HAWTHORNDEN AND ITS POET.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkieith, which all the virtuous love,
And classic Hawthornden?

Thus asks Sir Walter Scott in the well-known early ballad fragment "The Gray Brother," where he pictures for us that beautiful valley of the Esk, near Edinburgh, the "sweetly solitary place" which its own poet, William Drummond, declared he would not exchange for the "stately courts" of all the princes in the world. When the poet wrote—perhaps, also, when Sir Walter wrote—Hawthornden was one of the quietest as well as one of the prettiest retreats in the country. Drummond could then with perfect truth apostrophise it thus—

What sweet delight a quiet place affords,
And what it is to be of bondage free,
Far from the maddling wordlings' hoarse discords,
Sweet flowery place, I first did learn of thee.

The "sweet flowery place" is, alas! no longer quiet, unless, perhaps, under the wintry skies, or when all the world is asleep. Through the guide-books the tourist has read of its varied and romantic beauty, and every day all through the summer and late into the autumn he comes to feast his eyes on the scene, and to examine the chapel of Roslin near by, in the company of hundreds having a similar errand. But while the quietness has gone the beauty has remained, and Hawthornden is still one of the loveliest spots in a country which is nearly everywhere picturesque.

At the head of the glen stretches up, gaunt and gloomy, a hoary mass of ivy-clad masonry, perhaps six hundred years old. If you pay the necessary shilling for admission to the ruins, you will discover—what you cannot well see from the glen below—a more inhabited part, in the form of a pleasant, irregular house, with gables and turrets in the seventeenth-century style. Linger in front of the old edifice, your impression, as it was that of another, will probably be that you "have seldom seen so remarkable a mansion of the antique kind, with such a suggestion of nice old-fashioned rooms within, fit for the residence of a family, combining the distinction of modern comfort and elegance with a due allegiance to far-back memories." Not, however, till you have shifted your position, so as to survey it in flank and depthwise to the back, are you aware of its full picturesqueness. Moving to the right, you will find yourself on a path edging the deep, precipitous dell, with the Esk flowing below; and you will see, if you glance back, that the modern part of the structure overhangs this dell behind; "the windows of the chief rooms looking down into the dell and athwart its woody labyrinth, with a steepness almost dizzying." This, then, was the "classic Hawthornden," where Drummond lived and sung.

Even the best histories of literature do not tell us much regarding the poet of Hawthornden. There is, of course, Professor Masson's very full and very sympathetic biography, to which everyone who wants to know all that can be learned, both of Drummond and of Hawthornden, must go. But, apart from the Edinburgh professor's volume, a few lines are generally considered enough for this early Scottish poet, the first of his nationality to write in the English language. Here, too, unfortunately, the few lines must suffice. Born in 1585, the son of Sir John Drummond, Gentleman-Usher to King James, William Drummond, after four years in France, inherited, in 1610, his paternal estate of Hawthornden, gave up the study of law, took his ease as a Scotch laird, and wrote poetry. All through his life he held Royalty much in reverence, and several of his works were written as a direct tribute to the Court. In 1612 he joined in the lament for the death of Prince Henry by writing and publishing a poem under the fanciful title of "Tearcs on the Death of Meliades," Meliades being the anagram made for himself by the Prince from "Miles a Dco." In 1617, upon James's visit to Scotland, Drummond gave him a poetical welcome in a panegyric entitled "Wandering Muses, or the River of Forth Feasting." In 1623 he published "Flowers of Sion, to which is adjoined his Cypress Grove"; and at various other times he gave various other poetical works to the world. His sonnets were true to the old form of that kind of poem, and, as Professor Morley remarks, they were not all of earthly love, and beauty, for sonnets in the spirit of Spenser's "Hymns of Heavenly Love and Beauty" are among the spiritual poems in the "Flowers of Sion." Drummond used to say of himself that short pieces suited his habits best, and that he had never applied his mind to any great or long subject.

From his retreat at Hawthornden the poet corresponded with several of his great English contemporaries—notably with Michael Drayton and Ben Jonson. Ben, walking on foot from London, paid him a visit in 1618, remaining three weeks, and leaving behind him, though he did not know it, a budget of criticisms on his brother writers and friends which has been the means of covering him with more obloquy than he, perhaps, altogether deserved. Drummond and Jonson were men of entirely different natures—the one rough, boisterous, and convivial; the other courtly, staid, and grave, with just that tinge of melancholy which the autumn colours of the foliage in the den might have been expected to engender in a mind of so poetical a turn. Nevertheless, they seem to have got on tolerably well during the three weeks they were together, though, to be sure, there is evidence to show that Drummond's delicate tastes must have received some rude shocks in the course of their conversations. "He is a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others," wrote the poet of Hawthornden, after Ben had left him again in his solitude; "given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself." Not flattering, this, certainly; but, from what we know otherwise, there is no cause for doubting the accuracy of the portrait. There was no reason why Drummond should not so paint the portrait if he chose; only, it does seem a little out of keeping with his expressions in letters to Jonson of unbounded admiration for the latter's character and genius. Of course, it was hardly to be expected that one of Drummond's fastidious tastes and literary predilections should have admitted to his heart, as another of different nature might have done, such a "huge creature" as Ben Jonson, faults and all. But is there ever any excuse for saying to a man's face or writing to him in letters anything but what one honestly thinks of him?

Drummond lived for thirty years after the memorable visit of which we have spoken. Quiet, uneventful years they were, only varied by the composition of a sonnet now and then, or some humorous piece for the amusement of his neighbours and friends. He died in 1649, leaving a wife and nine children, and was laid to rest in the neighbouring village of Lasswade, where Sir Walter Scott spent some of the happiest years of his early life, and where the little Opium-Eater had a cottage in the last days of his sad existence.—J. C. H.



THE HAMPSHIRE MOUNTED INFANTRY IN BURMAH: A SUDDEN ATTACK.

MILITARY SERVICE IN BURMAH.

Although Upper Burmah is now in a more settled state, under the Government of the British Indian Empire, than it was two or three years ago, there are still numerous bands of "dacoits," or marauders, roving about the country, plundering villages, driving away cattle, and molesting the peasantry. We have already described the organisation of the Military Police, and that of the Burman Native Police, in addition to which mounted infantry are constantly employed, as they move with great rapidity from place to place. On hearing of the approach of mounted infantry, the dacoits hastily retire into the depths of almost impenetrable jungle, where it is almost impossible to get at them. But sometimes, emboldened by superiority of numbers, or perhaps by a recent success against the Burman Police, the dacoits have been known suddenly to attack mounted infantry, but they seldom escape chastisement. Our Illustration represents such an encounter, the dacoits having crept up to within a few yards unseen through the brushwood and suddenly opened fire. We are indebted to Lieutenant Frank A. Thatcher for sending us the photograph, which was taken by Signor Biatto, showing a mounted infantry detachment of the Hampshire Regiment engaged in such an action. The military and administrative measures for the security of Upper Burmah are steadily progressing, and will have been greatly facilitated by the recent subjugation of the hostile Chin tribes west of the Irrawaddy.

A VOYAGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

It is always an advantage to contrast past times with the present, when trustworthy records enable us to do so. Pepys's Diary, for example, gives us the most vivid picture we possess of one of the most disgraceful periods in our history; and Dorothy Osborne's love-letters to Sir William Temple abound with incidental allusions to the manners and customs of her time, which are alike valuable to the historian and interesting to the reader. Books of this class, indeed, are often highly attractive, and the baldest narrative which reveals a state of things unknown to us in these days becomes instinct with life.

This kind of charm gives vitality to Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon." The great novelist was the shrewdest of observers, and his journal bears every mark of the strictest veracity. Fielding was in a dying state when, hoping against hope, he embarked for Portugal with his wife and daughter. Amid all his suffering and a thousand intolerable discomforts, he seems to have preserved a cheerful spirit, and, if any man ever needed patience and courage, it was this famous Englishman. If you or I, reader, were to sail for Lisbon, we should embark on a splendid steamer, enjoy every comfort to be found on board ship, and expect in less than four days to reach our destination. Now, let us see how the same voyage was accomplished in the middle of the last century.

On June 26, 1754, Fielding embarked at Rotherhithe, on the positive assurance that the ship would sail the next day. He was so helpless that he had to be hoisted on board with pulleys, and looked like a dying man. Both sailors and watermen, he says, made "all manner of insults and jests" on his misery. Then some days were spent in the most unpleasant part of the river while the captain waited for freight, and the poor invalid had leisure to seek for medical assistance. He sent also for a dentist, "a female of great eminence," for his wife, who was tortured with toothache, but this feminine practitioner refused to follow the ship, which was then anchored at Gravesend. There a surgeon was summoned, who declined to draw the tooth; and at Deal another dentist, "after having," Fielding writes, "put my poor wife to inexpressible torment, was obliged to leave her tooth *in situ quo*." The voyagers had now been six days on board, and seven days later, after a weary delay off Deal, they reached the Isle of Wight, and "came to an anchor at a place called Ryde," which, the writer adds, owing to the deep mud at low tide, was inaccessible for nearly one half of the twenty-four hours. The invalid was carried on shore apparently to the best inn in the town. On ordering mutton for dinner, he was told that there was none to be purchased in Ryde at that season of the year; and as for tea, "the whole town could not supply a single leaf." The travelers had to find their own food, and were charged for dressing it. The one pleasant incident that happened at Ryde—for the landlady "bore the exact resemblance to a fury"—was the friendly hospitality of a lady who consoled the wind-bound travellers with fruits and vegetables. On July 26, when Fielding, you will observe, had been a month on board, the ship, after a violent storm, anchored in Torbay, and while delayed there Fielding bought three hogsheads of cider, two of which he sent to friends, while the third was intended for consumption on the voyage. Many days passed before the wind was again favourable, and this weary time gives Fielding an opportunity for dilating on the expenses of the expedition.

"When I had contracted with the captain," he writes, "at a price which I by no means thought moderate (£30), I had some content in thinking I should have no more to pay for my voyage; but it was whispered that it was expected the passengers should find themselves in several things, such as tea, wine, and such like, and particularly that gentlemen should stow of the latter a much larger quantity than they could use, in order to leave the remainder as a present to the captain at the end of the voyage; and it was expected likewise that gentlemen should put aboard some fresh stores." And this Fielding did in an extravagant fashion, for he bought hams, tongues, wine, live chickens and sheep, and also made other purchases at the ports where they anchored. While lying off the Devonshire coast, the captain, on one occasion, treated the passengers so rudely that Fielding resolved, at all costs, to leave the ship. But no sooner did the boat he had ordered approach the vessel than the captain "tumbled on his knees, and a little too abjectly implored for mercy, which was at once granted." "To speak truth," Fielding adds, "I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving if they were much wiser than they are—because it was convenient for me to do so."

After about six weeks of misery and great bodily suffering, Fielding reached Lisbon, and "was driven through the nastiest city in the world, though, at the same time, one of the most populous, to a kind of coffee-house . . . which hath a very fine prospect of the river Tajo from Lisbon to the sea." Here the journal closes abruptly. It is sad to remember that Fielding endured the troubles I have recounted in vain. He died in his forty-eighth year, about two months after his arrival in Lisbon; but of the novelist's last days no record has been left. Twenty years later, Smollett, his great rival in humour, who surpassed him in coarseness but not in genius, died in Italy, after having sought in vain for health in a climate more genial than that of England. One remembers how a far greater novelist than either Fielding or Smollett, the noble purity of whose works is as striking as their splendour of imagination, also tried vainly to revive the flame of life beneath a Southern sky. But Scott, more fortunate than his brothers in the craft, returned to die under his own roof-tree, surrounded by those he loved best, and within sound of the silvery ripple of the Tweed.

J. D.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CURIOSITY—AS A SCIENCE.

I must confess I have never seen my friend Mr. J. L. Toole enact "Paul Pry" without a lively feeling of sympathy with the character whose appearance at odd and inconvenient times is invariably heralded by the phrase "I hope I don't intrude!" Everybody detests a Paul Pry (or a Mrs. Paul Pry) in actual life; but, on self-analysis, I am not so sure but that we are all afflicted or favoured (apply whichever term you like) with the vanity and vice whereof "curiosity," popularly so called, is the convenient and popular name. Is there a single person in this world (congenital idiots and lunatics excepted) who is destitute of the vice (or virtue) of curiosity? Will any one dare to allege that he (or she) is utterly unaffected by what concerns other people? Denials may come and denials may go, but my belief still remains constant, that we are all curious; that curiosity is a natural inheritance; that it is developed (like the measles) in very different degrees in different subjects; that it is affected (like the mumps) by the age, condition, and surroundings of the patient; and, finally, that, so far from being regarded as an obnoxious vice, I have come to regard it, after much and deep consideration, as a really meritorious trait of "our-much-to-be-despised-but-otherwise-often-to-be-praised human nature"—as our German friends would put it.

I know whence we get our curiosity. When I say "I know," I mean, I am nearly as certain of its source as any well-regulated scientist may be. I will relate the grounds for my belief. Once upon a time I kept six monkeys in a cage off my kitchen. I succeeded in establishing my home-menagerie, after much domestic trouble and objection—but that is neither here nor there. Two successive series of domestics came, and speedily went, but that is neither "here nor there," again; for it is regrettable to find that many persons have not succeeded, as yet, in developing a taste for natural history at large, and for the study of their nearest friends and poorest relations in particular. At last my monkey-house was allowed to remain in peace, undisturbed by the loud protests of the head of the culinary department and the less pronounced objections of the household brigade. I found servants who "really liked dumb animals"—one of them changed her opinions about the dumbness in a remarkably short space of time when she heard a quadrumanous difference being settled in the cage—and, as the sanitary arrangements of the cage were duly supervised by a male servitor every morning, my monkey establishment really combined intellectual instruction with an interesting study of the ways and works of mankind's early progenitors. I may add, however, that never yet did I find a cook who was a believer in evolution of any kind.

Now, among the traits of character exhibited by the six denizens of my cage—representing at least four different species of monkeys, from Macaques to Capuchins—I soon discovered that curiosity was a ruling feature. About everything that went on around them, the monkeys were impatiently curious. About everybody that visited them, curiosity was the rampant passion. If the housemaid came down with a new pair of earrings (the possible gift of the policeman or the postman), the whole cage grew excited over the amatory baubles. If the cook adorned herself with ribbons of more gorgeous hue than usual, there was unrest in the cage. A new pendant to my watch-chain had to be felt (and smelt) and scrutinised most closely before it was allowed to become an ordinary and unnoticed item. The sentiment of curiosity was, as I have said, rampant in my monkeys. Every operation carried on in the kitchen adjoining them was eagerly watched. No set of old women in a small village could have been more curious and prying than my six quadrumanous friends, who, alas! (peace to their ashes!) all vanished away in the arms of *Pallida mors* save one, who lives still at Regent's Park, among a larger and bigger circle of acquaintances than she knew with me.

Of course, I may be utterly foolish in deciding for myself that we get our curiosity as a matter of inheritance; all I do say is that we certainly, at least, share this trait of character with our lower friends. There are times and seasons when Paul Pry's little failing becomes very annoying. Far be it from me to maintain that curiosity is an unmixed blessing to the race. If you have ever lived in a village, you will know what curiosity means, especially if there is a maiden gossip who officiates as postmistress-general of the hamlet. Not a letter passes under her nose but what its purport is guessed at or surmised. She knows when Mrs. Smith's husband (a sea captain) is due at Gravesend, and when Mr. Jones receives his dividends. How many bottles of stimulating liquors Captain Robinson consumes in a week she has at her fingers' ends, and how much Mrs. Brown's Sunday bonnet cost she can estimate to the fraction of a farthing. This is curiosity run to seed; but there is neighbourliness with it, when all is said and done. Then, again, think of the amusement you have had on a wet day, in a big foreign hotel, thinking out, with your friends, the possible professions, trades, and circumstances of your neighbours. I will cheerfully "back" an old lady (in a *toupée*) whom I met at Dieppe this summer, for the exhibition of a greater gift of skilful curiosity than ever the world has known. She knew all about me at least in ten minutes after we began conversation at the table d'hôte; and in turn placed me, in half an hour, in full possession of the history of everybody in the hotel—except herself. Prying gossip, no doubt, is a nuisance, especially when it extends to the knowledge of how Miss A. refused your heart and hand five years ago, and how you jilted Miss B. six months afterwards. In the big city it is just the reverse. Think of the loneliness of the man in London who knows nobody, and about whom nobody is really curious enough to care. You may fall ill, die, and be buried in Babylon, without your next-door neighbour being in the least degree curious to know how or why you died. Even "the sex" seems occasionally to lose or to want its Eve-like charm in this respect, since lonely souls write to the daily papers (in connection with matrimonial agencies) telling how they languish in Robinson Crusoe-like state; no fair damsel being curious enough to cast a glance in their direction. This, I say, is the other side of the picture.

Finally, I can trace for you the scientific uses of curiosity, just as Tyndall sought out for us many years ago the scientific uses of the imagination. What is all science, may I ask, save curiosity—arranged, orderly, systematic curiosity? To question the "whys" and "hows" of nature is the business of the scientist. He questions and cross-examines nature, just as a barrister badgers his witnesses; and, as a result, our scientific friend gets at the truth about things by reason simply of his curiosity. He has no need to be curious, but his "desire to know" is born in him. It is part and parcel of his constitution, and in the exercise of it he builds up the knowledge which makes him and his race, intellectually, physically—nay, even financially, rich. This is the science of curiosity: but for curiosity there would have been no science at all. Henceforth you must think of curiosity, bridled and trained, as the kind genius which takes us all as little children by the hand and leads us, eager to know, that we may learn the secrets of the Universe.

ANDREW WILSON.

MR. PETRIE'S EGYPTIAN EXHIBITION.

This autumn we have again brought before us the spoils of a season's work in the East. But the present Exhibition at Oxford Mansions is not only the result of Mr. Flinders Petrie's work in Egypt, but also in Palestine, where he has partly unearthed Lachish for the Palestine Exploration Fund.

The Egyptian work was a continuation of that of the previous season, which produced the collection exhibited last year. There is therefore some continuity in it, although most of the objects now exhibited are fresh in their character. The ancient towns exhumed were respectively occupied in the Twelfth Egyptian dynasty (about 2500 B.C.), and in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth dynasties (1400 to 1200 B.C.). They stand a few miles apart, just at the entrance of the Nile into the Fayum province, about sixty miles south of Cairo. The later town was largely occupied by the foreign races from the Mediterranean who had swarmed into Egypt and were eating out the natives; and the earlier town has likewise many signs of intercourse with the Mediterranean, which are of the greatest interest.

Entering through an avenue of mummy cases, we see on our right the general view of the room which we have illustrated (33) in the middle of our page. The tall and portly mummy cases at the right hand date from the times before Rome was founded; while over them is the curious rake of wood (1) which probably dates likewise from 800 or 900 B.C. On the top of one case is a much later article, a Coptic cap (2) of about the time of our Heptarchy. Such a cap is often seen in mediaeval pictures; but we can hardly realise the quaint effect it must have had with its yellow peak and bright red brim above the brown broad face of an Egyptian. In the middle window opposite stands the fine figure of an old priest (3), dating from before the Exodus: the firm, masterful brow and eyes correspond with the compressed and decided mouth beneath; and all the subtle curves of the face harmonise in presenting as real a character of the man as in a Roman bust. Here, naturalism and keen observation have triumphed over all conventions, and we can guess at what Egyptian art might have become had portraiture been its aim instead of religious abstractions. Another skilful piece of wood-carving—the head of Isis in the glass case (4)—is, perhaps, more charming in its expression, in spite of its more conventional treatment. This at least shows that an Egyptian artist could idealise worthily, as well as realise. A curious combination of deities is seen on the pendant (5) of green glazed pottery: this illustrates the elegant and refined open work which was so fashionable under the Twenty-second dynasty, about the time of Shishak. The earlier open work was more often in wood, as in the comb with a carving of a horse drinking (6), which dates from Rameses the Great. Another little toilet article of about the same date is the carnelian necklace (7) of lotus buds. The limestone figure of a monkey eating a fruit (10) is a quaint toy for the amusement of some little Rameses.

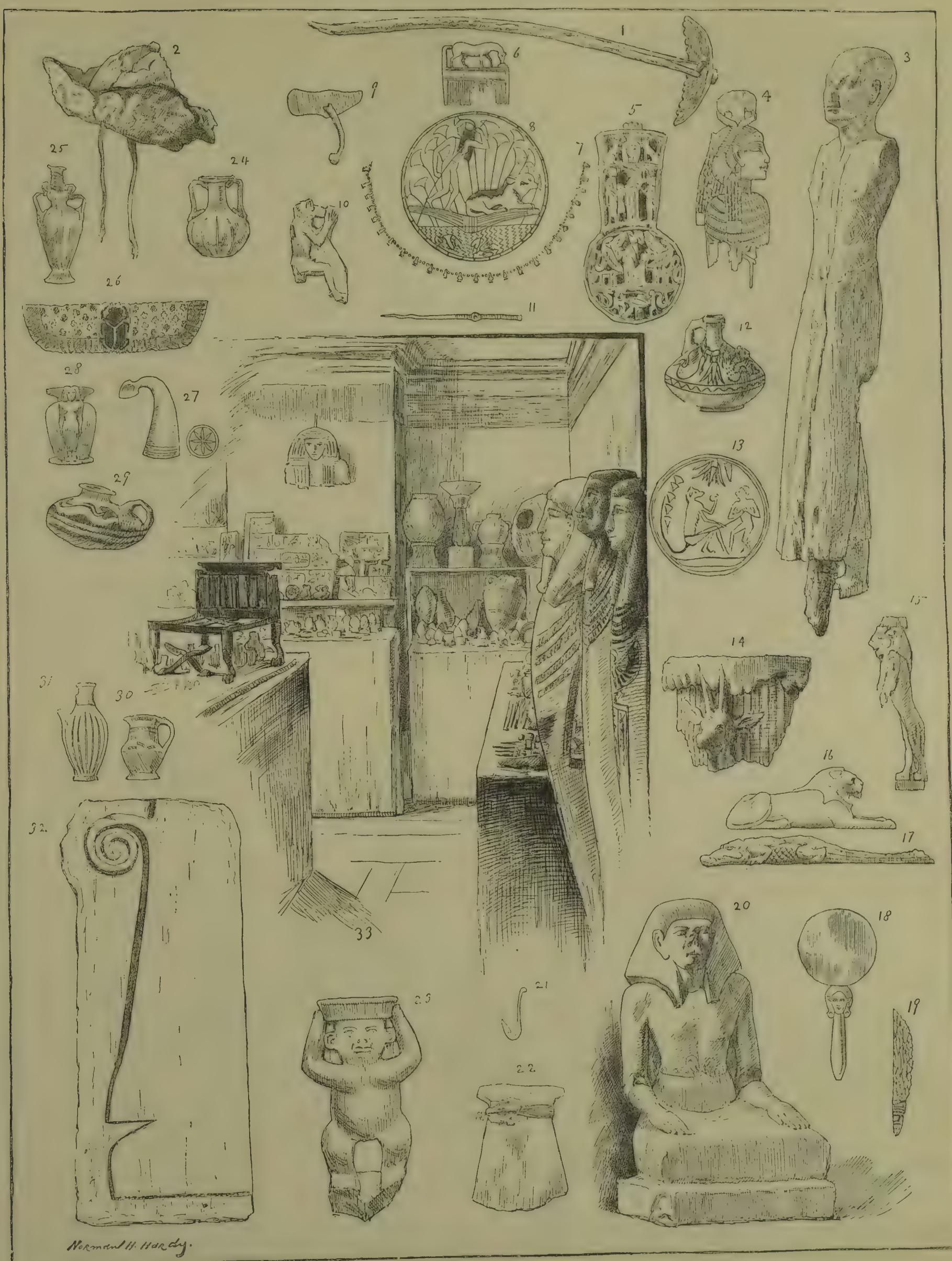
The glazed pottery of the Egyptians was sometimes painted with figure-subjects, though hitherto such have been rarely met with. Some examples, which were found broken, have been here repaired with good result. The bowl (8) with a girl poling a boat, in which is a calf, is a well-drawn subject. The smaller bowl (13), with a monkey seated, *otium cum dignitate*, jerking a cord attached to the hands of a captive who dances before him, is a parody in the style dear to the Egyptian humourist, while we see some still life in the pair of ducks hung up by the feet upon another vase (12). An elegant terracotta decoration is seen in the gazelle head, in relief upon the side of a jar-neck (14). Of metal-work there is a curious razor or flaying-knife (9) of bronze; and a gold dress-pin (11) of a form only known in Greek lands hitherto. The same foreign influence is seen in the bold little wood-carving of a lion standing with the fore-paws upon a high object (15), exactly as on the celebrated Lion Gateway at Mycenae. All of the preceding objects are of about the age of the Exodus, or 1400 to 1200 B.C.

We now turn to a far older time, before Abraham; the objects of this age being in the left-hand room. In that early period wood-carving was already a fine art, as the little figure of a lion couchant (16) will show. And the vigorous carving of a crocodile (17) exhibits as much skill, in its way. A bronze mirror, which still retains its original brilliancy, has a wooden handle, carved with a head of Hathor (18), by which the belle of the Nile held it when criticising her lady's maid's arrangement of her flowers. And, though copper tools were in common use then, yet side by side with them were flint and saws and knives. One of these was found with the mirror, bearing still a binding of fibre and string around its handle (19). The sculpture of this age was generally somewhat stiff; and, though the finest piece discovered was claimed by the Egyptian Government, we have a representation of it here in the corner of the room, where a figure in limestone (20) is seated. In one respect we have not moved a line since those primitive times, for the copper fish-hook (21) has precisely the Limerick bend and the single barb of the present-day manufacture. It would be amusing to see a fish caught once more by one of these hooks, after a rest of over four thousand years. A very curious article is the large copper hatchet (22), which is bound round with thread and sealed; the thread is still white and firm, though a hundred and fifty generations have passed over the hands that sealed it. But why it should have been thus sealed we know not; possibly, it was sealed as disputed property, and, as the case is still pending in the courts, neither of the litigants can use it. The grotesque little dumpy figure (23) bears aloft on his head a tray in which is a lump of dough; apparently he supported the household offering of the daily bread, like several other stands found in the town.

Of a later time there are several beautiful vases of Roman glass, about the age of Constantine: one with two handles (24) is of white iridescent glass; the other (25) has handles and threads of dark blue upon a pale purple body. The figured bead-work of a scarab with wings (26) is from a mummy of about 800 B.C. In one tomb were found a dozen coffins, and a large quantity of pottery, toilet articles, and scarabs. This family tomb appears to be of about 1100 B.C. The toilet-pot (28), with a standing figure for a handle, and the curious model horn (27), of green paste, are from it, as well as the early Greek vase (29), which was found along with Phoenician and Egyptian pottery of that age.

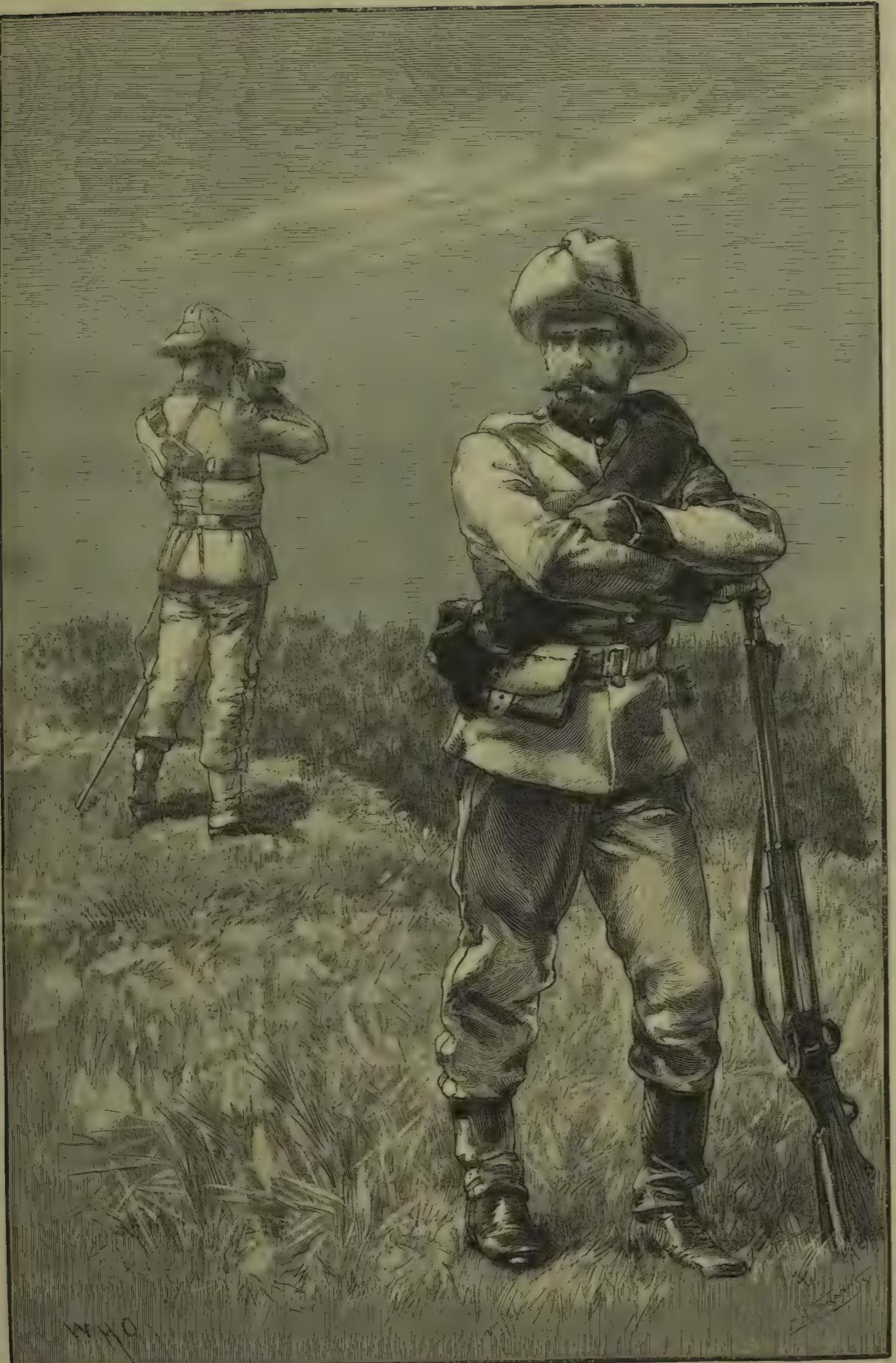
The work in Palestine may claim a separate notice. Some pottery of the Phoenician age (30, 31) we illustrate here, to indicate the historical series of pottery which Mr. Petrie has now obtained. Probably the fragments, which are all that the Turkish Government toss aside to us infidels, will be made of far more use to science than the whole vases which are claimed for Stamboul. In architecture, a most valuable discovery was made. The pilaster (32), of which a cast is now exhibited, shows us at last what the style of Jewish decoration was under Solomon; and Professor Sayce's article in the September *Contemporary Review* will enable the general reader to realise what information has now been obtained in these researches.

The exhibition will be open to the public at 6, Oxford Mansions, near Oxford-circus, from Sept. 15 till Oct. 11.



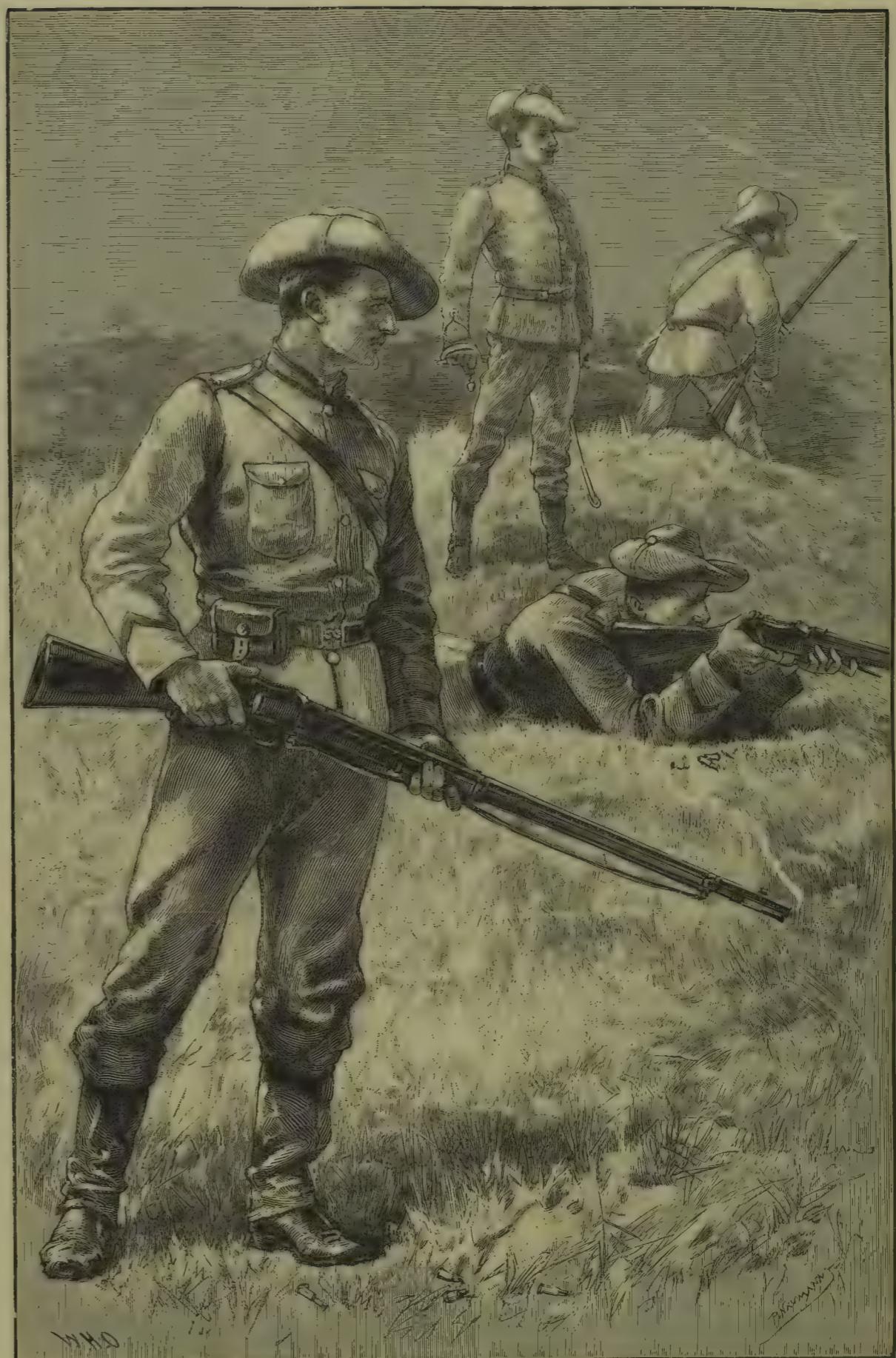
Norman H. Hardy.

1. Wooden Rake, 800 B.C.
 2. Felt Cap (Coptic), 700 A.D.
 3. Wooden Statuette of a Priest, 1100 B.C.
 4. Wooden Head of Isis, 1300 B.C.
 5. Faience Pendant, 1000 B.C.
 6. Wooden Comb, 1200 B.C.
 7. Carnelian Necklace, 1200 B.C.
 8. Faience Bowl, 1300 B.C.
 9. Bronze Razor, 1300 B.C.
 10. Limestone Monkey, 1200 B.C.
 11. Gold Pin (Cypriote), 1200 B.C.
 12. Faience blue Vase, 1300 B.C.
 13. Faience blue Bowl, 1200 B.C.
 14. Terra-cotta Gazelle-head, 1100 B.C.
 15. Wooden Lion, 1400 B.C.
 16. Wooden Lion, 2500 B.C.
 17. Wooden Crocodile, 2500 B.C.
 18. Bronze Mirror and wooden handle, 2500 B.C.
 19. Flint Knife, 2500 B.C.
 20. Limestone Statue, 2500 B.C.
 21. Copper Fish-hook, 2500 B.C.
 22. Copper Hatchet, tied and sealed, 2500 B.C.
 23. Dwarf Figure, with tray, 2500 B.C.
 24. Clear glass Vase, 300 A.D.
 25. Clear glass Vase, with blue handles, 300 A.D.
 26. Bead-work Scarab and Wings, 800 B.C.
 27. Green-paste Horn, 1100 B.C.
 28. Steatite Toilet-Vase, 1100 B.C.
 29. Terra-cotta Vase (Greek), 1100 B.C.
 30, 31. Phoenician Vases, from Lachish, Palestine, 1100 B.C.
 32. Pilaster of Limestone, from Lachish, 1000 B.C.
 33. General View of Room—with Mummy Cases, 100 B.C., Lintel of Thothmes III, 1500 B.C., and Wooden Chair, 1100 B.C.



VICTORIAN RANGERS.

THE COLONIAL RIFLE VOLUNTEERS OF AUSTRALIA.



VICTORIAN CADETS.



STREET IN URGEL, CATALONIA, NORTHERN SPAIN.



VIEW UP THE RIVER VALIRA, FROM NEAR AIXOVALL, ANDORRA.



NEAPOLITAN MUSICIANS ON THE DRIVE UP VESUVIUS (YACHTING CRUISE IN THE VICTORIA).

ASCENDING VESUVIUS.

We were resting at Pompeii, and decided on ascending Vesuvius, which towered above us, rising blue and bold from the purple plain of the wide Campania. For months past the burning mountain had been in a state of eruption, and even when at Naples, a distance of ten miles, we could, by night, see its fierce light flaming against the sky, or rather see the red reflection of the molten lava within the cone upon the clouds of vapour and ashes it continually vomited. As the crater is now supposed to be nearly full, it is believed an eruption may take place any day: if, however, the mouth of the cone is so narrowed by accumulated solid matter as to impede the outlet of lava, an earthquake will probably occur, by means of which lateral openings will be formed for its discharge.

At the beginning of the Christian era Vesuvius was considered an extinct volcano: a temple of Jupiter was raised on its summit, while its sides were covered with fair meadows and with leafy vineyards that produced delicious wines. Since then, however, fifty-nine eruptions have taken place, the first and greatest being that of the year 79, burying Pompeii and Herculaneum in red ruin; the last occurring in 1872, when a number of sightseers, having ascended halfway up the mountain to see an eruption from the great cone, a sudden outburst from a neighbouring crater enveloped and killed twenty of them before escape was possible. This lava stream, upward of a thousand feet wide and twenty feet deep, rolled down the mountain, and continued its course to the villages of Massa and San Sebastiano, which it partially destroyed, and finally found its way to the sea.

Soon after breakfast, one fair morning, our horses were brought round to the door of the hotel, and we started, accompanied by an officially appointed guide, and a boy to carry the lunch and look after the horses when we ascended the cone on foot. Our steeds had served in the army of their country, and were spirited, nimble animals, strong and sure of foot. The mountain is about thirty miles in circumference, and rises four thousand feet above the level of the sea. There is no carriage road, and our route lay through narrow lanes and winding paths, sometimes past fields in which were wells having revolving wooden wheels, quaint and old-world in appearance, and occasionally through little streets of dirty yellow-walled houses, and dwellings protected by thick hedges of the prickly pear. Women stopped their washing, slackened the speed of their spinning-wheels, or suspended their needles to watch us; while crowds of sparsely clad children, brown-limbed and bare-headed, rushed forward to greet us and ask, in loud, shrill voices, for *soldi*.

As we continued our way winding round the great plain, we caught sight of the heavy blue cloud of smoke that, rising from the cone, remained suspended for miles in the heavy, warm air. Looking upwards, it seemed as if we must take days instead of hours to reach the summit, the outline of which has frequently changed its shape, owing to various eruptions. Soon we left houses and homesteads behind us in our onward way, passing olive-trees, vineyards, and fertile fields, which, with little trouble to their owners, yield three crops a year, the valleys lying at the foot of the mountain being so productive as to maintain a population of about eighty thousand. Here and there were wide tracts of arid land, where the poisonous sulphur thrown from the crater lies thick, destroying all efforts at vegetation; but surrounding these barren patches were green spots, where corn sprang and plants flourished.

About halfway up the mountain we came to a whitewashed house called the Hermitage, where once upon a time a venerable hermit lived, whose mission it was to refresh the weary wayfarer with wine made from the vines grown on Vesuvius, called *Lacrima Cristi*; but, alas! his place is now taken by an unpicturesque and sturdy-looking farmer, who sold us sour wine at two francs a bottle, or about four times its proper price. Having rested here awhile we started again, now leaving all trace of vegetation behind, our horses taking their sure slow way over pathless tracks of loose lava, beds of concrete, and masses of cinders. Now and then we passed the petrified streams which had broken out from time to time, dealing death and devastation, but now lying in sinuous folds like the bodies of great serpents, hard as granite and beautiful in colour when seen in sunlight.

Half an hour's ride from the Hermitage brought us to the spot known as Atrio del Cavallo, a wild bare plateau with heaps of pumice-stone and mounds of ashes, the cone rising fifteen hundred feet above, at an angle of thirty-five degrees. Here was a crowd of guides, who, at our approach, started up from the wood fires round which they sat and offered to carry us in chairs for the modest sum of twenty francs, or assist us in our upward toil by allowing us to cling to straps suspended from their backs, which we declined. The real fatigue of the journey now began, for it was impossible for the horses to go farther, and we walked over piles of stones, cinders, and ashes, into which the feet sank ankle-deep.

Fortunately, the air was keen, sharp, and refreshing, and when, breathless and covered with perspiration, we paused to look back, there was a sight to delight the eye stretching before us. Beyond lay the blue bay, the white and peaceful villages of Torre del Greco, Castellamare, and Torre dell' Annunziata, washed by its waters; the islet and ruined fort of Rovighano, not far from the shore; Capri and Ischia, purple in the distance, rising sheer and clear from an azure plain that flashed in the amber light of a midday sun. But our guide did not allow us much time for rest, and again we were climbing upwards, hard concrete now beneath our feet, volumes of sulphurous smoke enveloping and sweeping past us, taking away our breath, and sickening us. Higher up, clouds of smoke, warm as steam, gushed from the fissures of rocks; everything around us bare and bleak, wild and weird, no human beings but ourselves in sight, not a bird in the air, so that we felt the aptitude of Goethe's description of Vesuvius as "a peak of hell rising out of Paradise."

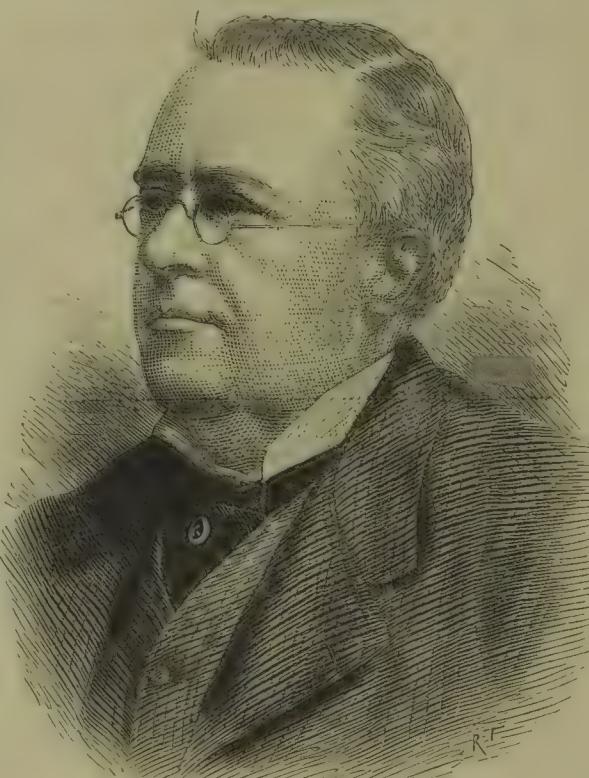
The sense of desolation and awe increased as we gradually neared the gulf or chasm, which is three miles in circumference and 2000 ft. deep. As at last we, breathless, perspiring, and weary, reached the summit, a loud, rumbling noise was heard, as of thunder, underground, followed by what seemed the sounds of an explosion; on which the guides who remain at the top shouted out to us to run to windward. But, spellbound, we remained to see a mass of sulphur, stones, and ashes suddenly shoot into the air some fifty feet, and obstruct the light of day, and next instant saw a huge piece of lava, red as fire and liquid as boiling pitch, fall between us. When our guide had embraced us, and congratulated us on our narrow escape, he put his staff into the lava, when the wood flamed, and, on raising this mass, it dropped from the stick, bit by bit, to earth. Then clouds of steam, smoke, and sulphur surrounding us, choking us, blinding us, the guides hurried us forcibly from the spot, where it became dangerous to remain. In descending, it seemed as if we wore seven-leagued boots, the ashes giving way beneath our feet, and bearing us down towards firm earth once more. The journey had taken six hours, at the end of which time we were glad of a cold bath, and yet more rejoiced at the prospect of enjoying a good dinner in the *Hôtel Suisse*. J. F. M.

MUSICIANS ON MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Our Special Artist, Mr. W. D. Almond, who was on board the fine steam-yacht Victoria, Captain Lunham, in her pleasure cruise to the Mediterranean early in the spring, enjoyed a few days' sojourn at Naples, and made the customary ascent of Vesuvius. The carriage-party of English tourists, driving up the road, were regaled with instrumental music by three Neapolitan performers, of tolerable skill and jovial vivacity, who may be thought worthy of a characteristic sketch. Many Londoners will recollect having seen and heard the like at the Italian Exhibition.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN, Q.C.

We regret the death of this gentleman, which took place at St. Leonards on Friday, Sept. 12. He was a most useful magistrate, a good lawyer, and during eighteen years past was editor of the *Morning Post*. Sir William Hardman was born at Bury, Lancashire, in 1823, and proceeded from the local grammar school to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1852, became Chairman of the Surrey Sessions in 1871, and Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames, near which town he resided, in 1875. Ten years later he was



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM HARDMAN, Q.C.

knighted, in recognition of his long and valuable public services. He was an Alderman of the Surrey County Council, and was Conservative candidate for East Surrey at the general election of 1868, but did not obtain a seat in Parliament.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Sergeant Fulton, Queen's Westminster, who won her Majesty's prize at Wimbledon in 1888, has succeeded in making the highest score on record in the Home District. This year his total at the usual Queen's ranges of 200, 500, and 600 yards, under favourable atmospherical conditions, ran up to the grand aggregate of 101 points out of the possible 105, comprising six bulls one inner at 200 yards, five bulls two inners at 500 yards, and six bulls one inner at 600 yards.

Thirty prizes were offered for competition by the North London Rifle Club, of which Lord Wolseley is President, and it is a noticeable feature that, out of the twenty-four entries in Series A, nine scored from 101 to 92 points. In the nursery series there were six scores of 90 and upwards out of eighteen entries.

The F (or Metropolitan Railway) Company of the West Middlesex Rifles have completed their tenth annual shooting contest at Harrow for thirty-six substantial prizes given by the officers and friends. Captain Rose, commanding the company, was in charge. The principal prize-winners were: Series A—Corporal M'Knight, 92; Private Molyneux, 82; Quartermaster-Sergeant Finlayson, 81; Private Ingram, 80; Private Springthorpe, 79; Assistant Sergeant-Major Mair, 79; Private Clarke, 79; Private Aust, 79; and Private Tingay, 77. Series B—Corporal Sivett, 76; Private Richards, 73; and Corporal Perryman, 72.

Nearly one hundred of the most prominent rifle shots of the Metropolis competed, on Sept. 12, at the Park Ranges, near Tottenham, for the most coveted honour of the Metropolitan county—namely, the Gold Champion Badge of the Middlesex Rifle Association, and a large number of other prizes. Under the leadership of Major Earl Waldegrave and other officers of the council, firing commenced shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, and was continued, in generally favourable weather, till near seven at night, when that well-known shot, Private Rothon, Civil Service Rifles, who had in 1880, and again in 1888, secured the badge of marksmanship, was again to the fore. Rothon has now won three gold, two silver, and one bronze badges of the Association. The silver badge of the Association for this year goes to Sergeant Cook, Queen's Westminster, and the bronze badge to Sergeant Trask, 18th Middlesex; Lieutenant Craig, 4th West Surrey, won the Grosvenor Cup and first money prize; and among the other winners were Sergeant King, 18th Middlesex; Private Rothon, Civil Service; Sergeant Roberts, 5th Middlesex; Sergeant Webb, South Middlesex; Private Pocock, South Middlesex; Private Treadwell, Queen's; Corporal Cook, Queen's; and Sergeant Fulton.

Under the patronage of Lord Wolseley, the Marquis of Carmarthen, Lord Cheylsford, and others, a grand fête took place on Sept. 13 at Brockwell Park, in aid of the third cadet corps 4th V.B. Queen's Royal West Surrey. There was a military tournament, in which members of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers and the Honourable Artillery Company took part, and the band of the Scots Guards was present.

An international Vegetarian Congress has been held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street.

The great vine at Hampton Court is now in splendid condition, and it is estimated that it holds 1500 bunches of fine grapes.

COLONIAL VOLUNTEERS IN AUSTRALIA.

We have already described the organisation of the Victoria Mounted Rifles, a regiment of volunteers raised and commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel T. Price at Melbourne. The corps of Victorian Rangers was formed in December 1887, and was linked with the Mounted Rifles, and placed under the same commanding officer. None but members of rifle clubs are eligible to join these corps. There were four companies formed, all in the western portion of the colony, and for the first year they numbered 400 men. Captain Stanley Lowe was appointed adjutant, and four sergeant-majors were placed on the permanent staff to instruct the four companies. The uniform, in many respects, is similar to that worn by the Mounted Rifles; but the facings are scarlet, in place of the crimson of the mounted men. Colonel Price, seeing that the movement was likely to spread all over the colony, and that, with his senior corps, it would form too large a command, resigned in April 1889, and Major Otter, late Royal Marines, was appointed to command the Rangers in his stead. This officer at once made many radical changes, one of which was that men, whether they belonged to rifle clubs or not, could join the Rangers. The consequence was that the number of Rangers at once increased, and two more companies immediately sprang into existence, the number increasing to 850, which is now to be augmented by 350 more, and the total of 1200 will be divided into three battalions. The service is entirely voluntary and unpaid, but there is a yearly Government allowance of £2 10s. per man for expenses. In conjunction with this corps, Major Otter, who was formerly a Captain of the Victoria Artillery, has formed a battery of position at Hastings, on Westernport Bay, a vital point of the coast not previously fortified. The battery is manned by hardy fishermen, many of whom have served in the Royal Navy, and who are well instructed in their gun drill.

The Victorian Cadets also deserve notice. The Cadet movement in this colony began two years ago, but it was simmering, so to speak, for some years before. It was then decided that a Cadet Force should be established, and that two staff officers should examine all the drill in State schools, especially the Cadet detachments. The numbers have now grown to between 3000 and 4000, and are increasing. The senior Cadets are armed with the ordinary service Martini-Henry rifle and bayonet, and the younger corps with a small light rifle and small bayonet. The Francot rifle, except in size, is almost identical with the Martini-Henry, and is sighted to 400 yards. The uniforms of all corps are being assimilated. There are eight battalions of from 300 to 500 lads each. The uniforms and equipments are furnished by Government, with the exception of the officers, who, however, are found in swords. In every State school (2000 schools altogether) elementary drill is taught, and company drill in 200 of them, including all the larger schools, many of which are from 800 to 1000 in daily attendance. Most of the large private and public schools also have Cadet corps attached. The Cadets, to the number of 2000, go into camp for a week annually, and there is great emulation among the various battalions. The junior Cadets generally pass into the senior corps, and this forms a sort of connecting link with the adult militia corps.

ANDORRA AND URGEL.

We lately described the romantic territory and singular little Republican State of Andorra, occupying a valley encompassed by mountains on the southern slope of the Pyrenees, between the Spanish Province of Catalonia and the French Department of the Arriège, which was part of the ancient Kingdom of Navarre. It was explained that the old primitive Commonwealth of Andorra, having been placed, a thousand years ago, by the Carlovingian Emperors, under the patronage of the Spanish Prince-Bishops of Urgel, who afterwards shared this feudal sovereignty with the Counts of Foix, in the Arriège, still retains its privileges of self-government. The best recent account of its condition is given by Mr. F. H. Deverell, of Belmont Hill, Lee, Blackheath, in a short treatise contributed by him to the Royal Geographical Society, and printed as a pamphlet; but he has also taken a series of good photographs, to the number of forty, illustrating the picturesque scenery, the small town of Andorra and neighbouring villages, and some of the people, with their manners and customs. By his permission, several of those views have appeared in our Journal, to which we now add that of the valley of the river Valira, as seen from Aixovall; and a street view in the Spanish town or episcopal city of Urgel, which is in the plains of Catalonia, near the junction of the Valira and Segre rivers. Urgel is a gloomy old town of 4000 inhabitants, with a cathedral built in the twelfth century, but partly renovated in the sixteenth century, and with the palace of the Lord Bishop, who still exercises his feudal jurisdiction in Andorra, receiving an annual tribute of small amount, and appointing a Judge and Bailiff. The Government of France also, having superseded the old monarchy of Navarre since the accession of Henri IV., and having suppressed the authority of the Counts of Foix, exercises a share of nominal supremacy in Andorra; but, practically, this little separate Republic manages its own affairs, and is never interfered with by either France or Spain. Its whole population is estimated at 5231, with an elective President and Legislative Council. We suppose the nearest political resemblance of this State, now extant in Europe, would be found in the Italian Republic of San Marino, in the Apennines; for the case of the Isle of Man, and that of Guernsey and Jersey, are not quite in point.

Gad's Hill Place, Rochester, famous as the home of Charles Dickens, has just been purchased by the Hon. Mr. Francis Law Latham, Advocate-General at Bombay.

"Watch and Clock-Making in 1889" is an instructive little book, published for two shillings by Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co., 7, Stationers' Hall-court, which presents a complete review of the actual position of that ingenious and beautiful manufacture in all its branches. The author is Mr. Julien Tripplin, F.R.A.S., Vice-President of the Horological Institute, and British Juror of the Horological Section of the last Paris Exhibition. His treatise is based on the systematic examination and comparison of the contents of that section, and is partly developed from a valuable paper which he read, on March 5, before the Society of Arts in London, describing the progress of this art and industry in England during the past ten years. This was printed in the society's journal for March. The construction of chronometers, in which English makers show the highest excellence, and the production of standard types of English lever watches by Messrs. Itotherham and Sons, of Coventry, are particularly explained. Mr. Tripplin also gives an interesting account of the foreign schools of technical instruction, and of the different systems of organising this industry—namely, the American factory system, in which the parts of a watch are made, with interchangeable uniformity, in large establishments with machinery worked by steam or hydraulic power; and the system, widely practised in France, Savoy, and Switzerland, and hitherto in London, of separate domestic work applied to making the various parts of a watch.

MUSIC.

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and sixty-seventh meeting of the associated choirs of the cathedrals of Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford closed on Sept. 12. Our previous notices could only treat partly of the proceedings, some of which occurred too late for comment until now. The novelty of the occasion was "The Repentance of Nineveh," a dramatic oratorio, composed for the festival by Professor Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey. The words have been selected from the Scriptures by Mr. Joseph Bennett, who has also successfully executed similar tasks on other occasions. The work now referred to is divided into three parts, respectively entitled "The First Day," "The Thirty-ninth Day," and "The Fortieth Day." The first of these opens (before the Palace) with a brief introduction, followed by an effective chorus, "Woe to them." Then follow a triumphal march, with a war-like chorus, in which the people hail the return of the victors. A series of choruses—including one of Assyrians with solos for the principal vocalists; an air for the King's daughter, and ending with a chorus ("Where is the word of the Lord?"), in which there is much dramatic and contrapuntal power—make up the first part of the oratorio, which closes with a good climax.

The second part—which is comparatively brief—takes place without the walls, and is heralded by an orchestral prelude, followed by a tenor solo for Jonah; after which come an instrumental movement, with chorus, another solo for Jonah, of a deeply pathetic character; and a concluding chorus, in which are some effective contrasts.

The final portion of the oratorio (within the walls) is the longest, and perhaps the most important, part of the work. It opens with a pathetic chorus of lamentation ("Alas for the day") by the inhabitants of Nineveh, a storm raging over the city. A baritone solo for the King ("The crown is fallen") well expresses his consternation, and is succeeded by a contralto solo for the Queen ("Is this the man?"), a chorus ("Hold thy peace"), and a solo ("For the Lord will come with fire") for the King's daughter, with chorus; the concluding pieces comprising a solo for the Queen, with chorus; a recitative and devotional air ("Thus saith the high and lofty One") for Jonah, and the final chorus, with solos for the principal vocalists.

Dr. Bridge's music is characterised by much dramatic expression, and some highly skilful contrapuntal writing. The choral pieces are decidedly the best portions of the work; the music for solo voices being mostly of a merely declamatory character; exception being made in favour of the beautiful air for Jonah, "Thus saith the high and lofty One," in which the violin obbligato (admirably played by Mr. Carrodus) was a special feature. The general impression produced by Professor Bridge's music was highly favourable, particularly so by the choral writing; the orchestral details being elaborate and varied. Representative themes are effectively used, especially those typifying judgment and mercy, and the work well fulfils its claim to a dramatic character.

Its performance (conducted by the composer) was generally efficient; the solo music having received full justice from Madame Albani (the King's daughter), Miss H. Wilson (the Queen), Mr. E. Lloyd (Jonah), and Mr. Brereton (the King). Of the merits of "The Repentance of Nineveh" we shall, before long, have occasion to speak again, in reference to its London performance.

Novelties, so far as Worcester is concerned, were Mr. Lee Williams's Church cantata "The Last Night at Bethany" and Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia's Day," both of which were produced and noticed last year—the first at Gloucester, the other at Leeds. It is now, therefore, only necessary to say that they again proved very effective in the recent performance. Each was conducted by its composer. It is not necessary to refer to other more familiar compositions that were performed during the festival week, as they have already been specified. A novelty at the miscellaneous evening concert was an overture, composed expressly for the occasion, by Mr. E. Elgar, a musician held in much local estimation. His work, entitled "Froissart," would seem to aim at a reflection of chivalrous sentiment, both in its martial and its peaceful aspects. It contains some effective passages and good orchestral contrasts, and may be accepted as an earnest of even better things to come. It was conducted by the composer, and was much applauded. A feature of the concert was the fine singing of the Leeds Festival choir (directed by Mr. Broughton) in an effective eight-part chorus, "To Morning," composed by Mr. C. H. Lloyd. Of the other items of a varied programme it is unnecessary to speak. The principal solo vocalists who contributed to the performances, in addition to those above mentioned, were: Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Damian, Mr. H. Jones, Mr. W. Mills, Mr. P. Greene, and Mr. Millward. The general duties of conductor were efficiently fulfilled by Mr. C. L. Williams.

The grand inaugural service in the cathedral on the Sunday preceding the festival (with the co-operation of choir and orchestra and a sermon preached by the Dean); the supplemental service therin on Sept. 12, and the morning and evening services on festival days, gave a religious tone to the occasion which was peculiarly appropriate, as the performances consisted almost entirely of sacred music in the grand old Gothic temple which Worcester possesses. At the Wednesday's performance the "Dead March" from Handel's "Saul" was played, in tribute to the memory of the late Canon Liddon. A short form of prayer before and after each performance in the cathedral was also a consistent feature, and one which was adopted, some years ago, on the restoration of the festival to its previous and present importance, after one recurrence to the primitive condition of a limitation to service music and anthems; this having been a step that incurred almost universal dissatisfaction, and is scarcely likely to be soon repeated. The recent Worcester Festival achieved a success, in every respect, that will tend to place it more strongly than ever on a sure foundation.

The fifth of the "classical" nights at the Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts included, among other specialties, Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, and Miss Josephine Lawrence's brilliant pianoforte-playing in Weber's "Concertstück," vocal music having been contributed by Miss Amy Sherwin and Mr. Barrington Foote.

Mr. Davis Dalton, piqued at the doubt which some persons have expressed as to his swim across the English Channel, on Sept. 12 swam on his back from Blackwall to Gravesend, a distance of nearly twenty miles. He accomplished the task in six hours and sixteen minutes.

The Board of Trade have received, through the Foreign Office, a gold watch and a binocular glass, which have been respectively awarded by the German Government to Mr. H. B. Beard, master, and Mr. H. Galechan, third mate of the British steam-ship Florida, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the Hamburg steam-ship Savona when in distress at sea in January last.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
Dr. F. ST.—No. 1 can be solved by Kt takes P, can it not? No. 2 is under examination. We are glad to find you are on with your old love again.
W. BIDDLE.—We shall do as you wish, and examine the problem with the additional Pawn.
J. G. GRANT (Eding.)—Thanks for the game, which shall be carefully gone over, with a view to publication.
H. S. B. (Weybridge)—You can use any symbols you like, so long as you clearly express the moves.
J. BENJAMIN (Bromley)—We hope to publish your game shortly. It is well played on both sides up to the last few moves.
R. KELLY.—In your last two-mover we fail to see the use of B P at B 2nd.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.—No. 2416 received from Dr. A. R. V. SASTRY (Punjab); of No. 2416 from F. A. Hill (St. Paul, Minn.); of No. 2417 from F. A. Hill and G. M. of No. 2417 from J. W. SHAW (Montreal); F. A. Hill and G. M. of No. 2418 from Y. GUERNSEY (Montreal); E. R. E. JONES (Chester); J. S. YOUNG (London); T. PULLEN (London); and E. DOW of No. 2421 from JAMES CLARK (London); J. HALL (T. H. G. (Lostwithiel)); and TORTENSEN.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.—No. 2422 received from E. E. II, Fr. FERNANDO (London); W. G. H. (London); D. MCINTOSH (Glasgow); G. (Ward); J. COAD, E. LOUDEN, DAWN, HERBERT CLOWD, P. O. (Sleaford); Mrs. KELLY (of Kelly); W. H. REED (Liverpool); J. DIXON, JUPITER JUNIOR, MARTIN B. SHALFORD, R. H. BROOKS, REV. W. COOPER, H. S. B. (Fairholme); T. ROBERTS, L. DO-SANGES (Glossop); R. F. ST. JULIA SHORT (Exeter); J. D. TACKER (Leeds); R. W. WORTERS (Gantbury); R. F. N. BANKS, MRS. WILSON (Plymouth); W. DAVID (Cardiff); C. E. PERUGINA, JAMES SAGE, N. HARRIS, A. NEWMAN, M. BRADWELL, and DR. WALTZ (Heidelberg).

NOTE.—Can any of our correspondents give us the name of the author of the following pretty problem? *White*—K at Q 7th, Kt at Q 6th, R at Q 7th, B at Q 7th, Kt at K 3rd, P's at K 2nd, K 3rd, and K 5th. *Black*—K at K 4th, B's at K 5th and K 3rd, Kt's at K 2nd and K 5th, P at K 6th. White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2420.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

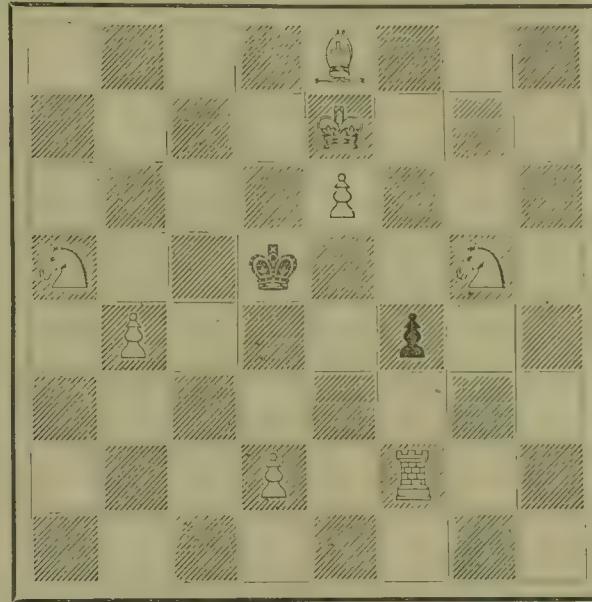
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to R 4th. B moves
2. Kt takes B. Any move
3. It mates.

If Black play 1. R to Q Kt sq, 2. P takes R (a Q); if 1. R to Q B sq, 1. Kt P to R 3rd, or Kt 7th; then 2. Kt (B 4th), any of seven squares, and mates next move.

PROBLEM NO. 2424.

By C. P. PALMER.

BLACK.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

It is very much to be feared that the days of the prophesied "dramatic millennium" have not yet arrived. I am sorry for Mr. George Moore and his friends, who ascribe our literary degradation and dramatic impotence to the "yelping children" known as dramatic critics, and to the atmosphere of "Fleet-street" that pervades the journalistic record of plays of the day. Mr. George Moore, who appears to have constituted himself the sole arbiter of dramatic literature, and who is kind enough to tell us, "ex cathedrâ," what is and what is not literature in the highest sense of the word—Mr. George Moore, who is the Sir Oracle to tell us exactly what plays we ought to like or dislike—appears to be vastly vexed because "Judah" was hailed as a welcome and wholesome improvement on the current work of the day. He is courteous enough to stigmatise as "yelping children"—I wonder he did not politely substitute "curs"—the public writers who congratulated playgoers on the advent of a work unconventional in tone, bold in treatment, and essentially literary in workmanship. It is difficult to know how to treat Mr. George Moore and his dogmatic friends. They are always howling out about the convention of the stage, and the ignorance of criticism, and the vulgarity of public taste—and yet the very first minute we see a break in the blue, the instant we get hold of a play that is a marked improvement on its contemporaries as a dramatic essay, the instant those who are just in earnest, on the revival of something like dramatic literature, as a dozen George Moores, who so violent and angry as these perplexing pessimists? I do not know what Mr. George Moore's experience as a playgoer may be, but I very much doubt if he has sat out as many plays or watched the story of the modern drama in this country with as much attention and interest as this "yelping child." I will accept him as an authority when I am able to test his experience and knowledge. He talks with a sneer about what he calls a "Fleet-street success," as if it were something too loathsome for words: and yet, if I mistake not, Fleet-street has before now been trodden by the delicate steps of Mr. George Moore, and Fleet-street literature has had the advantage of his brilliant pen. How unworthy are these sneers if a man is really in earnest on the subject he discusses! Is there anything so very shameful, after all, in Fleet-street that any literary man or journalist who is proud of his calling need be ashamed of it? When Mr. James Runciman has done examining Mr. Robert Buchanan in the scientific standard required by the London School Board, I doubt not that a Board of Examiners could be found in Fleet-street that could put Mr. George Moore through his paces even on the matter of literature. I doubt if Sir Edwin Arnold and George Augustus Sala and Mr. Traill, if Mr. Courtenay and Andrew Lang and Moy Thomas, and many another ripe and accomplished scholar, are ashamed of Fleet-street. These cheap sneers are a little too late in the day.

So far as I can make out, the poor drama, which has been in a state of degradation any time the last three hundred years, is never to be set on its legs again until we see a wonderful play called "Deacon Brodie" by Mr. Henley and Mr. Louis Stevenson. I have heard of this play so often, and of the wonderful success it is going to make, that I am sick of the very name of it. In Heaven's name, why does not someone produce the play, and have done with it? If every manager who has read it thinks it such a masterpiece, why on earth is it never produced? It is madness to hide such a dramatic light under such a bushel of prophetic talk. According to Mr.

George Moore, there are dozens of "Deacon Brodies" hidden in managerial cupboards or in brilliant authors' desks waiting to make the fortunes of mad managers who will not understand their own interests. But still they are never produced. When Mr. Moore is as old as I am, and has seen as many plays, he will know the reason why. I have heard this cuckoo-cry about buried dramatic treasures for thirty years, and when I have myself unearthed one of them it has been about as useless or unpalatable as Yorick's skull. At any rate, I do earnestly trust that these wonderful plays of the future that are to illuminate degraded Fleet-street will be a little more serviceable than the starvation drama that Mr. George Moore did us the honour to quote the other day in order to show us how ignorant we were about the literature of "Judah." Let Mr. Moore have the courage of his opinions, and produce it, with all that tedious talk about the starving belly. I pity the actor who has to declaim those dreary lines. Why, the educated School Board gods would throw bread at him before he had done!

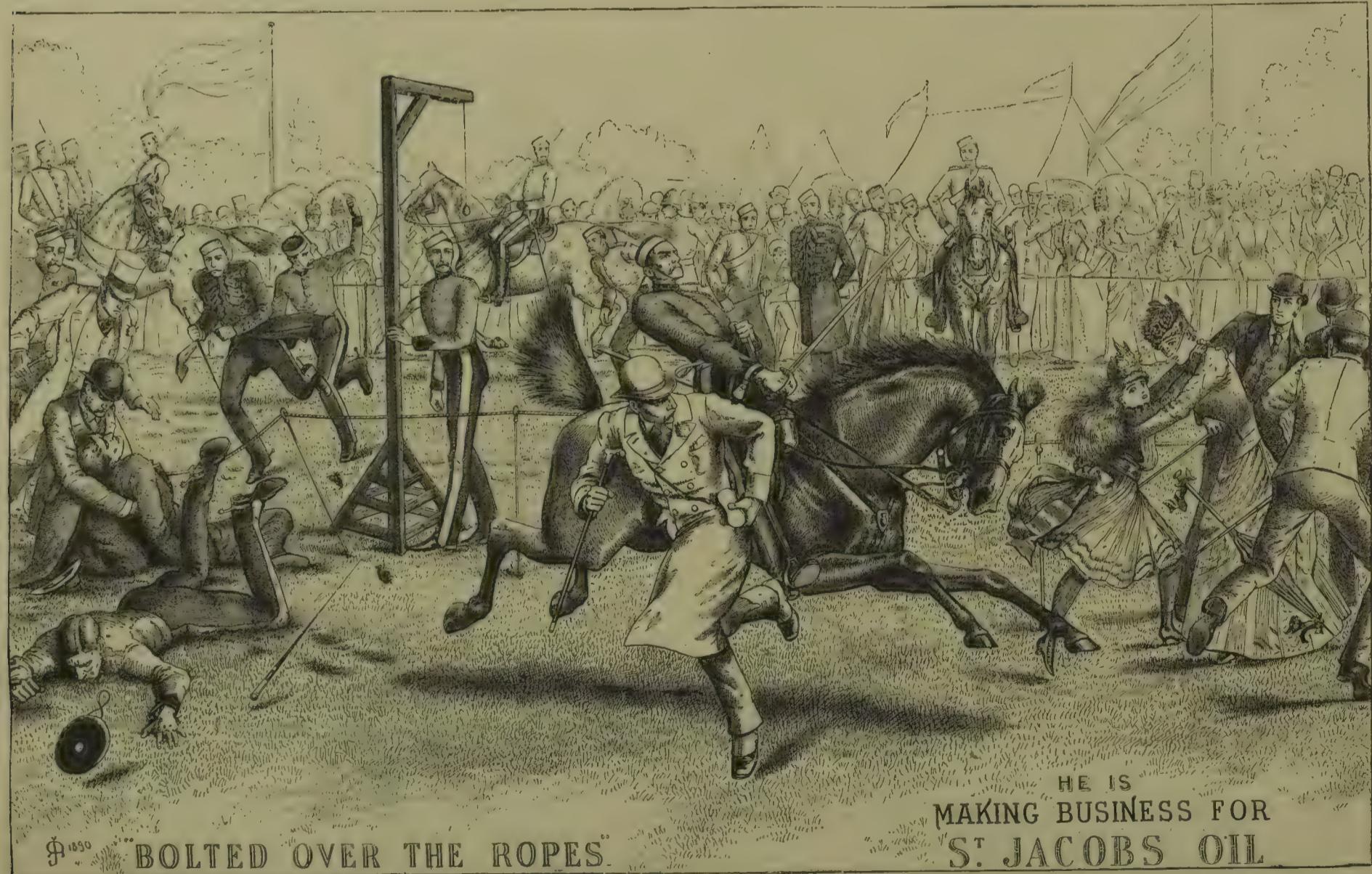
As for myself, I am not in the least ashamed of what I wrote here or elsewhere about "Judah." I desired strongly to draw attention to the play, and I can only regret, if it be true, that it turned out, what I was told it would turn out, "over the heads of the public." But such a play, if Mr. Moore be really sincere in what he says, at least deserved encouragement. An earnest writer, who desired to lift dramatic literature, and not depress it, would not "damn it with faint praise." I own that there was a time—long past—when I considered that no play could be designated as a literary play that was not written in verse. I do not think so now, and I can scarcely conceive that Mr. George Moore thinks so either. This gentleman does not argue—he asserts. Without a proof, without an illustration, without a single quotation or reference, he dogmatically asserts that "Judah" is not literature. Now, if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones will kindly lend me the manuscript of "Judah," I will venture to say that I can fairly argue that "Judah" is literature. At present I have only been provided with extracts. But I want to see the play, and read it as I heard it. For the ignorance of the public on the subject of "Judah" I am certainly not responsible. Here is a play whose strong motive is to show the moral degradation of a falsehood, the curse that follows a lie; and I am told that it is held to be distasteful because a clergyman lies! How on earth can you have the moral without the illustration? The dramatist selects the most extreme case known to casuistry. A minister of religion, in defence of the honour of a woman that he has himself compromised, lies to protect that woman's honour, and he lives to feel that the falsehood told for her is eating out his heart, searing his conscience, and destroying the very love for which he lied. The moral of the play is—a lie told for any purpose brings with it its punishment of soul! And yet we have the goody-goody people turning from "Judah" because it is so dreadful for a clergyman to tell a lie, and Mr. Willard begging the combined ministers of the established religions to come and give him absolution for defaming the cloth. Was there ever such ignorance heard of or conceived in the history of the drama? Is this what the School Board has done for us? No: this precious School Board, this higher intellectual wave, this influential protest against conventional plays and "yelping" critics, this mighty reaction which we hear so much about, has given us "A Million of Money" at Drury-Lane.

I wonder if Mr. George Moore and his friends were present when they yelled and cheered and flung up their caps at the real racecourse, and the real South Kensington Fête, and the

real picture of the departing Guards from Wellington Barracks, and the real reef on the Indian Ocean, the real horses and champagne-bottles and trotters! This is what education has done for the modern stage, so far. It has flung us back twenty-one years at least, and has exaggerated the vulgarity that was condemned in the days of Chatterton! When we deplore this kind of thing, we are laughed at by the Philistines; when we welcome any literary protest against this determined crushing of imagination, we are called "yelping children" by the professors of the new dramatic philosophy. No, we may cry and we may howl, and we may theorise and preach and pray, but the drama's tone can only be improved by the people who witness it. "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." Mr. Augustus Harris tried to interest his public in dramatising scenes from English history. They would not have them. They yelled at Queen Elizabeth because they did not like her costume, and they cat-called at Charles II, because his dress was unfamiliar to them. So Mr. Augustus Harris had to go back to the "rorty" vulgarity which his audience understood, to the modern slang which was in the mouths of the people who crowded to his seats, to the mere scenic reproduction of what is familiar to the intelligence of every Cockney. What did our friend 'Arry know of the Armada, or Drake or Howard or Plymouth Hoe at the time of invasion? What did he care for the Royal Oak or Boscobel? No, he wanted the flash Major and the yellow-haired syren, the caddish hero and the raffish bookmaker, and the pantomime fun of Mr. Harry Nicholls. Bless you! they want to "lark" at Old Drury, not to "bother their 'eds about 'istory." And they do laugh, and they are amused, and they pay to laugh and be amused, and who shall say them nay? For my own part, I pity Mr. Augustus Harris, for I know he has a higher ambition and a nobler design of work in his head. He is no box-keeper, like his predecessor, but a man of mind and cultivated taste. He accepts the situation, and regrets it is not otherwise. And sincerely do I sympathise with the artists who are employed on this kind of work. We know what they can do. We have seen them all, Charles Warner and Alice Lingard, and Jessie Millward and Fanny Brough and Harry Nicholls, and we have praised their good work again and again. It is not the best work here, and they know it. Let us condole with them, not blame them. They accept the inevitable. They are "loyal to the governor." But, child as I am, inexperienced as I am in the drama and the drama's ways, I cannot "yelp" over "A Million of Money." I can only accept it, and deplore the condition of public taste that necessitates it. Of one thing I am perfectly certain, and that is, that such a condition of taste is not induced by indifference of managers, or impotence of artists, or ignorance of critics.

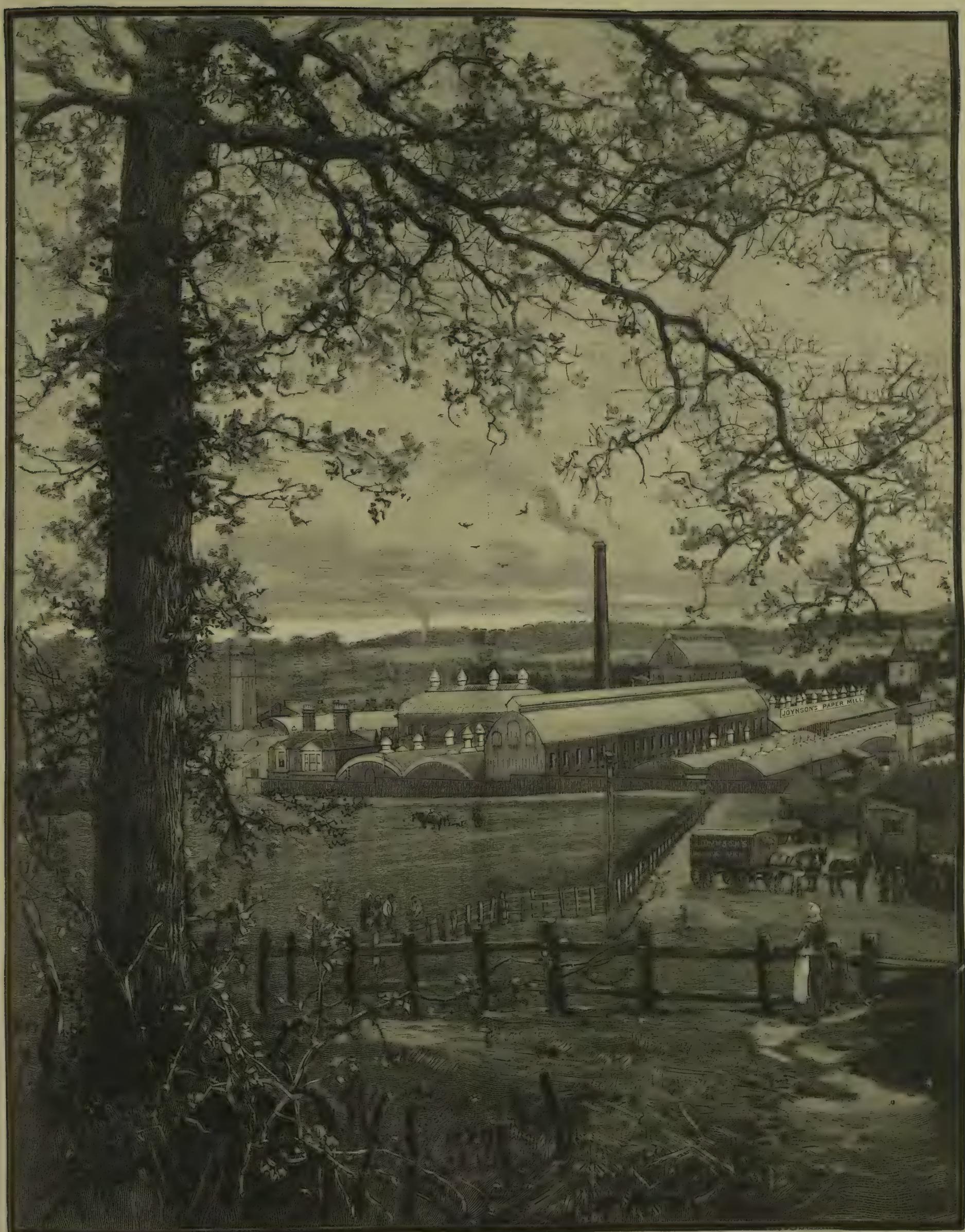
During Mr. Wyndham's absence from London on his holiday, they have revived Bronson Howard's Criterion farce "Truth," produced at that theatre about a dozen years ago. It is a merry trifle, and is acted in capital spirit by Mr. Blakeley and Mr. George Giddens, Miss Helen Forsyth, and a new actress, Miss Emily Fitzroy; but old staggers, who are never so happy as when they are turning over the leaves of their theatrical memories, seem to miss old Mrs. Stephens and Herbert Standing and W. J. Hill, but naturally most of all they miss Charles Wyndham. C. S.

Lieutenant Stairs has been presented by the citizens of Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a eulogistic address and a piece of plate worth £300, in acknowledgment of his services in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.



THE above picture, size 17½ inches by 22 inches, from the original pen-and-ink drawing by our own special artist, Lieut.-Colonel Marshman, will be sent to any part of the world, post free, on receipt of 3d., or its equivalent in foreign money or postage-stamps. For 6d. we will send with the above either of our celebrated pictures, same size and by the same artist—"Our Road Coach," "An Accident on Escort Duty," "Autumn Manoeuvres—The Royal Horse Artillery." For 9d. we will send any three of the above; and for 1s. the set complete, securely packed in a cylindrical tube. The above pictures are beautifully printed on heavy calendered paper, suitable for framing or portfolio. These pictures, equal to artists' proofs, form one of the grandest groups of bold and original designs ever published, and should be in the possession of every home, hotel, and club. Address—The Proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, 45, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

For Ladies' Column, see page 378; Wills and Requests, page 380



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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Zouave bodices are evidently to stay among us—for the present, at any rate. They are particularly suitable for dresses for early autumn, when the days during the sunshine are quite hot, but cold winds spring up at night. We are tempted to go out walking when afternoon tea is over, and the chill of the evening is felt before we get home to dress for dinner. Then a gown made with this sensible addition of warmth over the chest, and perhaps over the back as well, proves its value, as a protection against the treacherous blast. Some Zouave or Toreador jackets are made like actual loose little coats, going over the back of the figure as well as over part of the chest. These, however, should not be adopted by short, stout women. Long-waisted effects are still required by fashion; and anything which cuts the figure in two inevitably decreases its apparent back length. In the front this is not the case to the same extent, and figures that are rather unduly stout gain in grace by the bust line being partly concealed by the rounded Zouave front. The pointed square front, which is the newer, suits slender figures best.

On summer dresses trimmings arranged round the arm-holes, as though to simulate the shape of these little over-jackets, have been popular, but they have really quite a different effect. The Zouave is perfectly separate from the bodice, and therefore has a certain outline of its own, which gives it an altogether different stamp from any trimming that is directly appliquéd. Zouaves are always either trimmed, braided or otherwise, or made of a different material from the rest of the dress, or both. It is part of the necessity of the case that they should look quite distinct from the bodice which they partially cover. At the same time a similar braiding or foot trimming to match the Zouave often appears on the skirt. Some of these short bodices are elaborately braided and some are hung round with pretty ball-fringe.

These little over-jackets are always made rather short now, seldom coming below the bust; but one style has a deep point at the front, continued nearly down to the waist line. In this case, the centre of the bodice is folded and appears puffed between the Zouave edges. Evening dresses are being made in this last-mentioned style; there is a pointed Zouave of velvet, or brocade, or Oriental embroidery, over a chiffon or crêpe de Chine low bodice, with loose folded front. The top of the Zouave is edged with a pleat of the soft material, and there are also puffy high-shouldered elbow sleeves of the airy fabric, or possibly long sleeves of the transparent material.

For children, the fashion of combining two materials continues, and it is a very useful one, for it allows of a tolerably ready renovation of frocks that are worn in particular places, or that have been put away to suit the season, and outgrown. Suppose, for instance, a frock was packed up in the spring in fairly good condition, and now is taken forth. Somehow, things so put away always appear far more dingy than they were expected to be. But do not be discouraged; that partly depends on the neglect from which inanimate things (or what we ignorantly consider so) undeniably suffer. How sad and forlorn an empty house becomes! Even gems, the most self-reliant of inanimate objects and the least dependent on human notice, soon lose lustre and beauty from being shut up and ignored for a few months. So it is with the packed-away clothing. It will look better after it has been worn a few days than it does when first taken out, provided of course actual faults are repaired as necessary.

What is needed for each garment is matter of detail. But

considering that a new front and sleeves may be put in of an altogether different material, and that belts and bands *ad libitum* can be added to skirts, it is clear that only a little ingenuity is needed for restoring and enlarging. A shaped belt just below the waist and a sash behind will cover the letting down of a little skirt of one description; while another kind of make may be best added to by inserting one or two bands of ribbon near the bottom of the visible skirt, and a bit of lining in the top of the foundation. A deep hem may be added, if preferred, of a new material, of which also fresh full sleeves or even only collar and cuffs are made.

A very characteristic and amusing letter has come to hand from a female post-office clerk, who gives me her name and address. It shows so perfectly the spirit in which a great many of these young ladies approach their duties that really it deserves to be used as a manifesto. But I must premise that I do not for a moment pretend to suppose that the feeling it expresses is anything like universal. On the contrary, I personally know, and I am sure many of my readers do also, of post-offices attended to by female clerks in the most gracious and at the same time business-like, active, and rapid manner. Would that all were so! But let "C. W." speak her mind.

"You say," observes C. W., "Post Office counter 'young ladies,' unfortunately for themselves, feel no obligation to be courteous to the people they wait on." We are certainly under no obligation to the people we serve. For instance, they wish a telegram sent, they pay the money, and it is done—no obligation on either side. . . . I imagine you cannot fail to see why the draper's assistant is more obsequious: she *must*, whether she means it or not, put on a manner which is likely to attract custom, and knows, poor girl! that if she failed in that respect loss of her situation would be inevitable. We, happily, are not expected to pay any very great deference to anyone (I was going to say cringe to anyone) so long as we do our duty. And why should we? Why ever should we? When some great lady comes in and seems to expect it, I have the audacity to say to myself, 'No! you may have wealth, position, and advantages, and I—I have to earn my own living, but I earn it fairly and honestly, and, setting aside your wealth, position, &c., I am as good a woman as you are: why should I make-believe that I consider you my superior when I don't believe it?'"

So "C. W." goes on at her hypothetical great lady, and winds up by asking me if I should not feel just the same as she if I were behind the post-office counter. My dear girl, I hope not! I am sure you represent only too accurately the silly sensitiveness and false pride of many of your class; but you are wrong. Nobody asks "cringing" of you; but "the public," as you call us poor creatures who have to buy stamps of you, does expect courtesy—that is, simply, cheerful and apparently willing attention, and ready alacrity—from you as much as from a draper's "young lady." It is *alacrity* and apparent *readiness* to serve which we miss in you, and which you are equally unjustifiable and foolish in refusing to give.

You are unjustifiable, because courtesy oils the wheels of life, and people who pay for personal service pay for that oil as well as for the mere force put out in execution of the duty. You do not want your politeness—and I repeat that by this I mean service cheerfully, pleasantly, and quickly rendered—to be paid for separately, as "manners" were in the old-fashioned schools, do you? Rely upon it, the public does expect, and has a right to expect, polite readiness and willingness in your service. Why do you call it "obsequiousness" or "cringing" to "put on an attractive manner" to your much-scorned "public"? If you were

more assured in your own esteem, you would never think that wearing a manner which made you pleasant to others, and rendering to others their due, or even more than their due, of respect in look, tone, and address, was degrading to yourself. If you will find us poor "public" a courteous, willing look, and oblige us with a quick, businesslike concentration of your attention on our little requirements, we will not think one bit the less of you for it. Nor need you think the less of yourself; any more than a Duchess does when she bows her knee to the ground as she shakes hands with the Princess of Wales.

And if it is unjustifiable for you to be cold, haughty, and indifferent in manner, and offensive in tone and look, to those you serve, it is even more foolish. Remember that the employment of women in the public service is a new thing; that many people object to it on principle, and many more on grounds of half-unconscious jealousy; and do not, I implore you for the sake of others, cultivate that tone of "owing no obligation" to your employers, of "showing no deference," because you don't see why you should show any, and so forth—for, if you do this, you will inevitably injure, not yourselves merely, but your sex industrially in every direction. Now do not be angry, my dear "C. W." and all the other young ladies of your vocation who think in the same groove, but believe that she who writes has the deepest sympathy with women workers of every class, and preaches this homily in affectionate regard; and so think it over, will you, in a kindly spirit also?

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

A marble tablet has been erected in Canterbury Cathedral to commemorate the bequest of the library of Archbishop Howley to the Dean and Chapter by the late Archdeacon Harrison.

Mr. Charles J. Lock, who has been connected with the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools for many years, has been appointed Secretary to the London Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Society.

The cricket-match between North and South was concluded on Sept. 13, the Southern team proving the victors by nine runs. The lady cricketers played a match at the Military Exhibition Grounds, Chelsea, when there was a large attendance to witness the game.

At the Dockyard Chapel, Sheerness, on Sept. 14, two large carved latten brasses, mounted on rose-wood slabs, were unveiled to the memory of the officers and men who lost their lives when her Majesty's ship *Wasp* was wrecked in the China Seas, in 1887.

It is officially announced that the Queen, taking into consideration that, upon the death without male issue of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, the dukedom became extinct, and that of Earl Temple devolved upon William Stephen, eldest son and heir of the late Lady Anne Eliza Gore-Langton, and that the brothers and sisters of Earl Temple cannot enjoy the rank and precedence which would have been due to them had their mother survived her brother, the late Duke—her Majesty has been pleased to ordain that Henry Powell Gore-Langton of Hatch Park, Somerset, Edward Grenville Gore-Langton, Mary Jane, the wife of Henry Mills Skrine of Warleigh Manor, in the county of Somerset, and Frances Anne, the wife of Henry Gribble Turner, of the Madras Civil Service, retired—the brothers and sisters of Earl Temple—shall henceforth have that title, rank, place, pre-eminence, and precedence which would have been due to them had their mother survived her brother, the late Duke of Buckingham.

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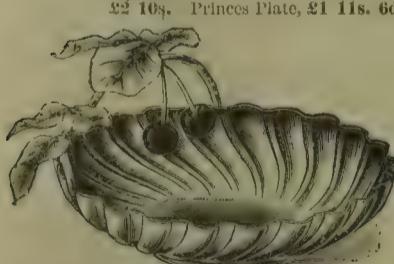
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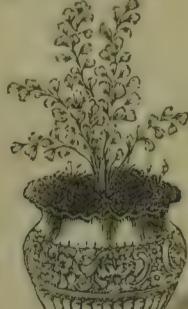
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1888) of Sir Mungaldass Nathoobhoy, Kt., C.S.I., late of Bombay, who died on March 9 last, was proved in London on Sept. 5 by Frederick Yorke Smith, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the English Court amounting to £5388. The will was proved at Bombay on May 8 last, when the value of the personal estate within the jurisdiction of the Bombay Court was sworn to be under the value of 3,435,000 rupees. The testator directs his executors to pay to his son Jugmohundass, his one fourth share in the ancestral property, when the decree for partition in a pending suit for that purpose has been made; he gives the remaining three fourths of the ancestral estate to his sons Tribhawandass and Purshotumdass, and confirms a deed whereby he has given to the two last named other property. There are various legacies, including some charitable bequests. The residue of his, "myself," acquired property he leaves, upon trust, to found scholarships in the University of Bombay, each to be of the value of the interest of 50,000 rupees, to be held by Hindoo graduates, tenable for not less than three years or more than five years, to enable the holders to proceed to England and receive a technical education.

The will (dated April 18, 1889), with three codicils (dated April 18, 23, and 27, 1889), of Mr. Edward Bolitho, J.P., late of Trewidden, Penzance, Cornwall, who died on April 24 last, was proved on Sept. 5 by Thomas Bedford Bolitho, M.P., the son, and Thomas Robins Bolitho, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £390,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Plymouth Royal Eye Infirmary; an immediate legacy of £300, and a further sum of £11,000, to his wife, and he fully confirms their marriage settlement; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property he gives and devises to his said son, Mr. T. B. Bolitho.

The will (dated April 18, 1882), with a codicil (dated March 17, 1890), of Sir James Tyler, J.P., D.L., late of Pine House, Holloway, who died on April 5 last, was proved on Sept. 4 by the Rev. William Tyler, D.D., and Charles Tyler, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £152,000. The testator gives £42,000 New Three per Cents. to the Merchant Taylors' Company, subject to the payment of £800 per annum to his brother William, for life, and of £50 per annum to Miss Sarah Dempster, and he expresses a hope that, although he gives the money without restriction, knowing the interest he takes in convalescent homes, and the ladies' home in particular, the money will be used for that good purpose; £2000 Bank of England Stock to the Truss Society (35, Finsbury-square), subject to the payment of £80 per annum to Miss Emma Brightwell, for life; £42,000 Brazilian Five per Cents. to the British and Foreign Bible Society, subject to the payment of £1000 per annum to his brother George, for life, and also of an annuity to William Ellis; £42,000 Russian Five per Cent. Stock to the London Missionary Society, subject to the payment of £1000 per annum to his brother Charles, for life, and to the keeping in repair by the society of the family vault in Highgate Cemetery—in default the legacy is to go to the Bluecoat School; his freehold residence, Pine House, to his brother William; another house to his brother George; and legacies to servants. He appoints his brother William residuary legatee.

The Scotch Confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Sept. 18, 1878), with a codicil (dated Nov. 20, 1886), of Major William Bruce Mitchell Brand,

formerly of the Princess Louise Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, late of 5, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, who died at Farnborough, Hants, on March 30 last, granted to the Rev. Frederick Roberts Blatch, the Rev. William Cameron, and Dr. Edward Leslie, the accepting executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Aug. 21, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £28,000.

The Irish Probate, granted at Dublin, of the will (dated June 20, 1885), with a codicil (dated April 26, 1886), of Mr. Nicholas Butler, late of Laurel Hill, Blackrock, county Dublin, retired corn-merchant, who died on Jan. 27 last, to Mrs. Maria Butler, the widow, one of the executors, was resealed in London on Sept. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £50 towards the completion of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Church-street, Dublin; £25 each to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital; St. Mary's Asylum for the Female Blind; St. Mary's Asylum and Reformatory; the Charitable Infirmary, Jervis-street; the St. Vincent de Paul Male Reformatory, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society; all his furniture, horses, carriage, and effects, and, for life, his residence at Laurel Hill, to his wife; and legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood; and then, as to one ninth, for his granddaughters, Florence Green and Lucy Agnes Green, and as to the ultimate residue for his two daughters, Mary Jane Butler and Margaret Butler.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1885) of the Hon. Mrs. Diana Mary Blanche Georgiana Coke, late of Longford Hall, Derbyshire, who died on July 18 last, at 27, Gower-street, was proved on Sept. 4 by the Hon. Leopold George Frederick Agar-Ellis, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix leaves £1000 towards the restoration of the parish church of Longford; four fields at Hollington to go with the Longford estate; £100 to her niece, the Hon. Constance Bagot; one moiety of the trust funds of her marriage settlement to Jacques Jean Marie Agar-Ellis and Jacqueline Georgine Marie Agar-Ellis; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her said brother Leopold, for life, and then for his daughters, Constance and Mary Evelyn, but, should her brother become Viscount Clifden, the last-named moiety is to be held, upon trust, for her sister, Lucia Lady Bagot, for life, and then for certain of her children. The residue of her property she gives to her said sister.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1889) of the Rev. Edward Davies, formerly Rector of Himley, late of Himley Lodge, Pennfields, Staffordshire, who died on July 25 last, was proved on Sept. 4 by the Misses Amelia Ward, Davies, Marion Hunt Davies, and Anne Eliza Davies, the daughters, the executrices, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 between his said three daughters; and £1000 each to his sister Elizabeth Bourne, and his niece Ellen Matilda Davies. The residue of his real and personal estate, and also the real and personal estate included in his marriage settlement, he leaves, as to one fourth, to each of his three daughters; and one fourth, upon trust, for the widow and children of his late son, William Edward Hunt Davies.

The will (dated June 26, 1883) of Mr. Henry William Upward, late of 41, Westbourne Park, who died on May 29 last, was proved on Aug. 25 by David Cornfoot and James Baumgardt Elmslie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. The testator gives various legacies, and leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for

his sister, Helen Gordon Upward, for life. At her death he gives some further legacies, after the payment of which he bequeaths £500 to Dr. Barnardo's Home for destitute and friendless children; £200 each to the Hospital for Consumption (Brompton), the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), and the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney); £100 each to the Cripples' Home for Girls (Marylebone-road), the National Life-Boat Institution, and the Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association; and the ultimate residue of his personal estate is to be equally divided between the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (City-road), the London Hospital, St. George's Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the London Fever Hospital (Islington), and the Children's Hospital (Great Ormond-street).

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1877), with two codicils (dated June 23 and Dec. 14, 1887), of Mr. Ferdinand Huddleston, D.L., J.P., late of Sawston Hall, Cambridgeshire, who died on July 1 last, at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, was proved on Sept. 4 by George Basil Eyston and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £9000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each executor; and £50 each to his servants, Henry Dockrell and Joseph Freeman. The plate, pictures, books, articles of virtu, furniture, and effects at his mansion house, Sawston Hall, are made heirlooms to go therewith. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his sister Agnes Far di Bruno. All his freehold and copyhold estates, subject to the payment of an annuity of £2100 already charged thereon, and to a trust for accumulation of part of the income to pay off certain mortgages, are devised, upon trust, for his nephew Denis Alexander Shine Lawlor, for life; at his death, £500 per annum is to be paid to his widow, if any, with remainder to his first and other sons successively according to their respective seniorities, and the heirs male of their respective bodies, with remainder to his (testator's) sister Frances Jane Herbert, for life, with remainder to his nephew Reginald Joseph Fitzherbert Herbert, for life. Any person becoming entitled to the receipt of the rents of his settled estates is to take and use the surname and arms of Huddleston.

The three fine pictures by Velasquez, Holbein, and Moroni, purchased by the nation for £55,000 from the Earl of Radnor's Longford Castle collection, can now be viewed by the public at the National Gallery.

In beautiful weather and a splendid breeze the Royal Yacht Club, on Sept. 13, held the sixth of their fortnightly matches. There were four events on the programme—match for yachts of 10 and not exceeding 20-rating, exceeding 5 and not exceeding 10-rating, exceeding 2½ and not exceeding 5-rating, and match for yachts not exceeding 2½-rating. All filled with the exception of the second race, which fell through for want of entries. In the first match there were entered Chiquita, Dragon, Velzie, and Decima, and all came to the line minus the Dragon. The Velzie was the first away in splendid style, closely followed by the other two, and a pretty race ensued in the beat down the river. Velzie won the first prize, £15, with a long lead, Decima giving up after the first round. In the 5-rating class the Valentine, Quinque, Glyceria, Fair Geraldine, and Alwida entered, the Fair Geraldine being a non-starter. Lord Dunraven's Alwida finished first in grand style, taking the first prize, £6; Glyceria, second, £3; Quinque, third, £1. Valentine gave up. The 2½-rating match secured a splendid entry. They ended as follows: Humming Bird, Cock-a-Whoop, Miss, Dolphin, Troublesome, and Queen Mab. Camilla gave up. The Babe and G. G. did not start.

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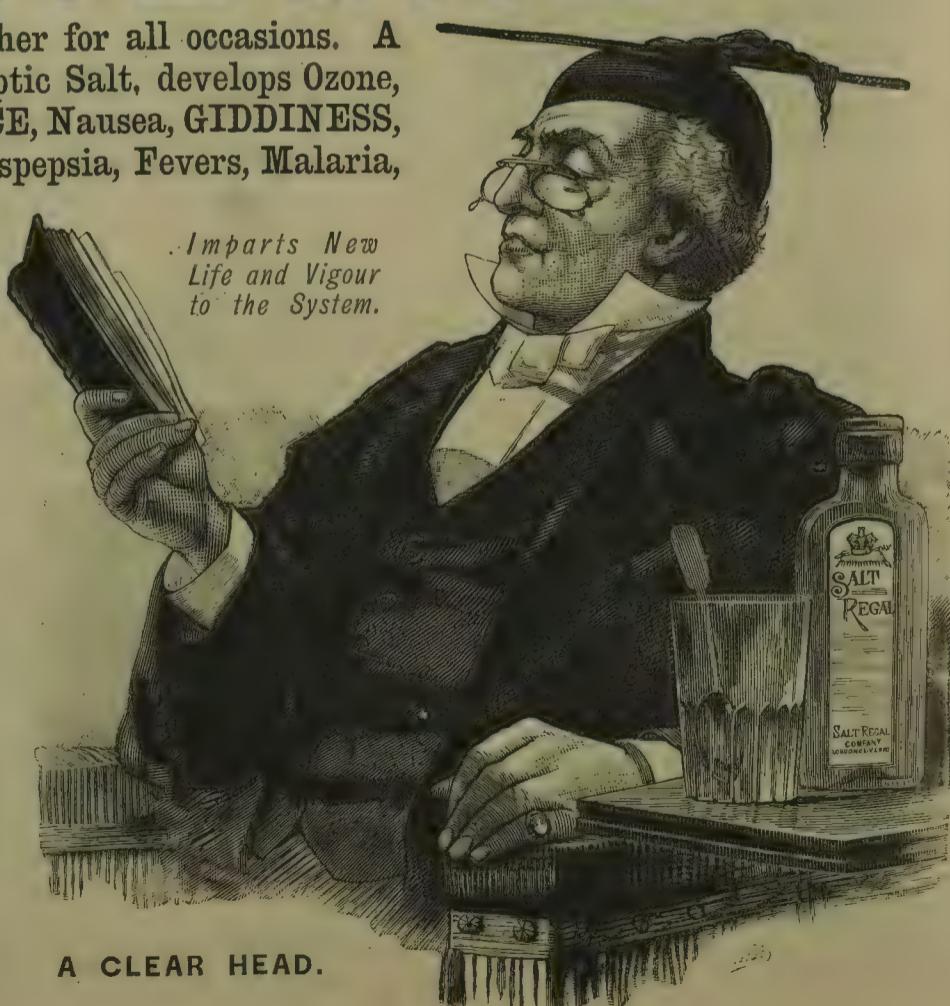
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FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

Lecturer on Health under the "Combe Trust"; Lecturer on Physiology at the Edinburgh University; Editor of "Health."

Attention is directed to this Paragraph from "The Times" newspaper:—

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THE COURT.

The Queen is enjoying herself greatly at Balmoral, taking drives almost daily to places in the neighbourhood. Her Majesty honoured Braemar with another visit on Sept. 12. The Queen occupied a carriage drawn by a pair of greys, and was accompanied by the Dowager Lady Churchill. The Princess Beatrice followed in another carriage, her Royal Highness driving. After a change of horses at Macnab's, the journey was made up Glenclunie, crossing to Fraser's Brig, and returning to the village on the Invercauld side. A number of villagers here saluted the Queen, who repeatedly bowed her acknowledgment. The weather was brilliant. The Marchioness of Lansdowne and Lady E. Fitzmaurice had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 13th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, attended by the Dowager Lady Churchill and the Hon. Harriet Phipps. The Prince of Wales, who arrived in the morning at Abergeldie, as well as the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, visited her Majesty. Divine

service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning, the 14th, by the Rev. Colin Campbell, D.D., minister of the parish of Dundee, in the presence of her Majesty, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife), Princess Victoria of Wales, and the Duke of Fife visited the Queen in the afternoon. Her Majesty afterwards drove with the Princess of Wales. The Rev. Colin Campbell had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 15th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove, again accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Countess Theodore Gleichen arrived at the castle. Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell of Blythswood had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

After visiting Doncaster the Prince of Wales went to York on Sept. 12, and drove to Fairfield, the residence of Mr. Vyner. Returning to York station at five minutes after midnight, he left for Ballater. On Sunday morning, the 14th, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Wales and party from Abergeldie, attended Divine service in

Crathie Parish Church. The Rev. Colin Campbell, of Dundee, officiated. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Hon. Julia Stonor, and Earl Cadogan posted to Abergeldie, and stayed to tea with the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Duke of Clarence on the 15th proceeded on his visit to South Wales, travelling from the north via York. Prince George of Wales, says a Reuter's telegram from Montreal, lunched with the Forest and Stream Club at their club-house on the 11th, and in the afternoon attended the races of the Belair Jockey Club, meeting with an enthusiastic reception. In the evening his Royal Highness was present at a ball given by the citizens in his honour at the Windsor Hotel.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Clarence House on Sept. 13 from Coburg. He visited the Avenue Theatre on the 15th to witness the performance of "Dr. Bill." On the 16th the Duke arrived at Devonport, to take up his appointment as Naval Commander-in-Chief.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) left Kensington Palace on Sept. 13 for Overstrand, Cromer, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower.

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For full particulars see bills.

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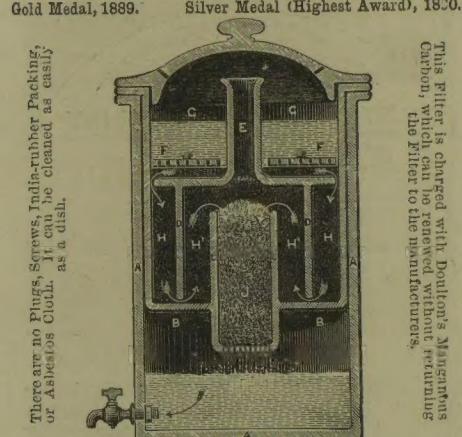
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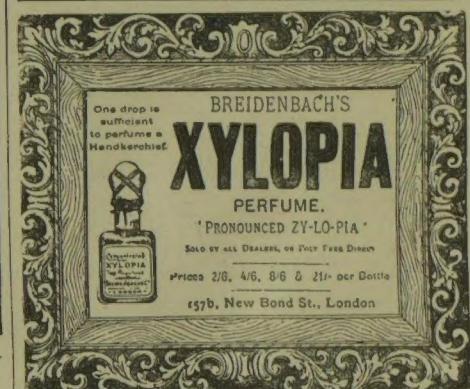
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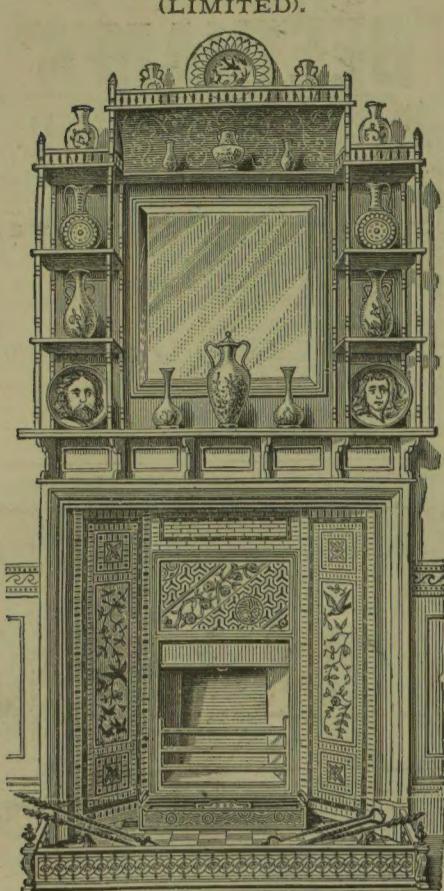
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